



G139150



*Presented to the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

*by the*  
ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE  
LIBRARY

1980

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



**SOUTHENNAN.**

**VOL. I.**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

“ Oh, that all real autobiographies were like this piece of admirable fiction ! If we were to express the genuine feelings of delight and admiration with which we have perused this work of MR. GALT, we should be thought guilty of extravagance. It has impressed us with so high an opinion of his genius, that it would be with hesitation that we placed any other poet, or fiction writer above him.”—*Spectator*.

LONDON :

J. E. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

10701

Legislative Library  
Ontario.  
Date

# SOUTHENNAN

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"LAWRIE TODD," "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH,"

&c. &c.

---

"When royal Mary, blithe of mood,  
Kept holiday in Holyrood."

Hogg.

---

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY  
DISCARD  
Ontario.  
Date

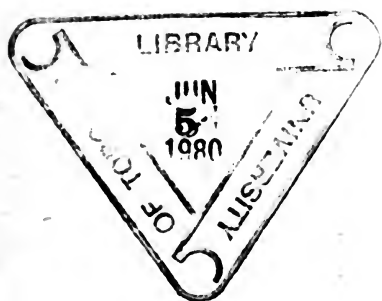
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,  
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.



PS

8413

A5756

V.1



# SOUTHENNAN.

---

## CHAPTER I.

“ Athens? pray why to Athens? you intend not  
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,  
Or read the logic lecture, or become  
An Areopagite, and judge in cases  
Touching the Commonwealth? for, as I take it,  
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate  
So grave an honour. THE BROKEN HEART.

WHEN it was known in Scotland that Queen Mary had left Paris to embark for her ancient kingdom, the nobility and gentry, in great numbers, resorted to Edinburgh. Among others who hastened to welcome their beautiful sovereign was the young laird of Southennan, a gallant who for his knightly presence had then no

parallel in all the west, and for the courtesy of his manners he was not less eminently distinguished among the most accomplished of the Scottish youth.

When the Lord Fleming went to France with the deputation from the three estates of the kingdom, appointed to witness the nuptials of Mary with the French King, young Walter of Southennan, then entering his sixteenth year, attended him as his page, and after the celebration of the marriage returned to England, where he completed his education, under the auspices of his maternal relations; for his mother was an English lady of high rank, the daughter of the Lord Derwent, to whom his father surrendered himself a prisoner in the mutinous field of the Solway moss, and by whom he was entertained more as a guest than a prisoner. During the period of that captivity the fair Isabel was wooed and won.

Soon after the marriage she was conveyed to Scotland; but before she was yet a mother, her husband was killed while hunting among the moors of Renfrewshire. His horse bounded in

the chase, close to the edge of the precipice of Kempoch, and, startled by the danger, suddenly recoiled, and threw him over the rock. A large stone still marks the spot where the accident happened.

From the death of her husband the gentle widow spent her lonely days in the sequestered house of Southennan. A retreat more suitable for mournfulness could not easily have been found. The ruins of it are still standing. About five and twenty years ago they were picturesque and pathetic. Often have we contemplated them, wondering what could have come to pass there in the olden time, and indulged the romantic fancies which their lone condition and melancholy aspect inspired.

It was a quadrangular building, with an embattled gateway in the wall, which connected the two wings. The orchard and garden lay along the south side of the green hills of Fairlie, at the bottom of which it stood, and on which a computable number of the beech and sycamore shook their heads, few and far between. About a score of the meagre and naked ash marked

out where an avenue might have been; and in them, time out of mind, certain magpies had been allowed an unmolested domicile. On the northern side of the mansion a little sparkling brook ran whispering from its ripples peace and felicity to the genius of the place. In truth it was a pleasant and a shady solitude, such as if only graceful forms and gentle spirits could ever there have been inhabitants.

When the preparations for Southennan's journey had been completed, Abigail Cuninghame his mother's housekeeper, on the eve of his departure, on being summoned to bring lights as usual into her lady's bower chamber, said,

“ I doubt mem we ha'e but one fair candle this night in the house. The night work wi' which we ha'e been so thrang, wi' the making up o' the laird's needcessities, has caused a sore consumption of light. But as soon as he is aff the morn's morning I positively will ha'e another melting.”

“ Thou canst not think, Abigail,” replied the



lady, "that I am able to work at this lace stitching with only one candle."

"Gude forbid, mem, that I should be sae fantastical. It would pingle out your eyne; but I had a notion you wouldna, on sic an occasion, be inclined for any sort o' thrift, far less the particularity o' flowering cambric. I was thinking ye would rather ha'e been in a disposition to gi'e the laird a few words of motherly counsel, for if a' tales be true he'll no be out o' the need o't at yon place the Court, and to do so ye lack na the light o' wicks, the light o' wisdom's far better."

"Well, Abigail, let it be as thou sayest, send Southennan to me."

The message did not require to be carried far. At that moment the young laird entered the room, and Abigail, who at the same time had gone out, returned presently with the solitary candle, remarking to him, with her old familiarity, that she trowed he would see worse lights before he got to the end of his journey, and that it was wholesome to use bairns betimes to hardship.

Southennan, who had been riding all day over the rough environs, being both tired and hungry, replied that he was in want of something more substantial than light, and requested her to bring him some refreshment.

“Now that’s a moving calamity,” said Abigail, “for ha’e not I packed up in Hughoc’s basket every ’dividual dressed bit o’ eatable matter that’s this night within the four walls of the house o’ Southennan. Couldna ye laird thole till ye ha’e taken the first ride o’ your journey in the morning.”

Southennan laughed at the old woman’s economical expedient, but his importunate appetite would not allow him to adopt it, so that in the end she was obliged to comply with his expostulation, and to open the basket. While so engaged, his lady mother, after some preliminary conversation touching the matters and things of his visit to Edinburgh, began to remind him that he was still but a very young man, and of small experience in the devices and crooked policy of the world.

“Thou art,” said she, “of an easy nature,

thinking too well of all men, by which thou wilt assuredly find detriment. Not that thou lackest discernment, for in that thou hast few superiors, but thou dost not act by what thou seest, nor hast thou suspicion enough to be watchful of thyself. Wert thou as true to Southennan, as I doubt not thou wilt ever prove thyself to be to his friends, thou shouldst not receive admonishment from me; but believe thy mother, who lovest thee with all a mother's imaginable affection for an only child, it would be better with thee if thou couldst account all the world knaves, until thou hast discovered the honest. I would not, however, have thee evade companionship. On the contrary, treat every one with courtesy, but let there be always dignity in thy familiarity, and more of freedom than of condescension in thy deportment, for such begets regard—condescension alone but cold esteem; beware of strangers, but I would not thou shouldst stand aloof from them, nor avoid their fellowship. I only counsel thee not to give them thy confidence, until thou hast noted well to what likings their habitudes incline. The spend-

thrift shun, whether his prodigality come of dissipation or of negligence; there is ever danger in being in reciprocity with such. Be chary of thy words, even towards those whom thou mayest love best. Tell no man all thy opinion of another, and remember that the least thou sayest of any man it will be safest with thee; not that I would have this virtue of prudence shrivelled up into pusillanimity, but only drawn around thee as soldiers contract their camps for security. And remember also that thine ancestors on both sides have ever been renowned for their valour. In all thy deportment I beseech thee to study, that thou mayest be esteemed gentle, for who can be a gentleman that hath not gentleness for the supreme quality of his manners. In the fashion of thy dress observe propriety, in the style and colour look to those who are well spoken of, but to the button be no man's follower. As thou art of the world be like the world, and ever bear in thy appearance something of that which without apparent purpose shall mark thee out as one, that, free from conceit, hath yet some knowledge of his own worth. I would descant

to thee, Walter, long on these topics, but if thou needest thy mother's counsel when thou art amongst thy companions, what I might say would avail thee little. In all things be thy reliance on God and thyself, and take care not to be often in the way of putting thy mettle to the test."

While she was thus speaking, Abigail Cuninghame having set out the refreshment, the admonition was interrupted by the young laird's rising to partake.

## CHAPTER II.

“ He call’d down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three ;  
William would fain have been the first,  
But now the last is he.”

THE PILGRIM.

THE retinue with which Southennan set out for the capital was rather more important than exactly accorded with the condition of his circumstances. It betokened that he carried with him high hopes and aspirations.

He was well mounted and gallantly attired, wearing in his black velvet bonnet the eye of a peacock’s feather, fastened in a silver buckle studded with garnets and chrystals. His body servant, Baldy Stobs, was an elderly staid person, who had many years held the same office with his father ; and it was evident at the first glance that he was a character not unworthy

of his master's esteem, and in full possession of his own.

He wore a broad flat household made blue bonnet, the brim of which overshadowed his face, unlike the smart erect cap of the Highlanders, which, by not protecting the cheeks from the shower, nor the eyes from the sunshine, is the cause of the distended lips and contracted eyes of that warlike and irascible race. It was without ornament, save a huge bushy tuft on the top instead of the nipple that surmounts the apex of the Highland bonnet. His jerkin was of homespun grey, over which he wore a blue and white checkered plaid crossing the back and breast from the right shoulder, and tied on the left side over the hilt of his rapier. His gumashins were of dark grey worsted, fastened with red garters somewhat sprucely knotted in bows under the knee.

If we consider him as the squire, we must look to Hughoc Birkie as the page. A bold round faced thick set boy, with an open, blithe, careless countenance; a reckless heartbreak on account of his thoughtlessness to his aunt, the sagacious and thrifty Abigail Cuninghame, who

much wondered for what he was so well regarded by the other servants; for she did not, as she often said, believe there was a single seed of any good in his whole body. Hughoc, in the general cut and colour of his dress and appearance was not unlike his superior Stobs; but over his right eye he wore a cockade with a brisk feather stuck in it, and besides the roses at his knees his garters had long fringed ends twirling in the wind. The maidens of the household had assisted in his decoration. He was not quite so handsomely mounted as his elder compeer; but his horse was good, a short bodied cob, in shape and humour as much like himself as a quadruped could be to a shapely sturdy boy.

The squire carried with him in saddle bags the garniture of his master, and Hughoc was placed in the midst of an aggregate of their common luggage and two baskets of provisions, like a cadger bound to a fair.

Besides the two servants, Southennan was accompanied by Father Jerome, a Catholic priest; for the family was papistical.

This consecrated person was a most com-



mendable character. He had come from England with the lady, and had, previous to the young laird's visit to France, been his tutor, and had performed his duties with exemplary intelligence. He was now an old man, heavy and corpulent, but withal of such a quiet self-sustained temper, that neither the pranks nor the occasional neglect of Hughoc Birkie could disturb his equanimity. He rode a mule, an animal not rare in Scotland in those days; like himself, it was old and somewhat abated of its vigour; it was also, like himself, sedate and of a quiet tortoise-like nature, making seemingly small speed on the road, and as it never once deviated to the right or to the left, but went perseveringly straight forward, if it travelled slower in the day's journey than its companions, it never was the last that reached the stable-door in the evening.

The special business which took the old man at that time to Edinburgh, was known only to himself; perhaps his lady knew something of it; but if she did she concealed her knowledge by

affecting to marvel at what could possibly entice him in his age to return into the world.

Southennan would have been pleased, had Father Jerome staid at home; for he thought there was already enough of age in his cortege, in the person of Stobs, to whom, however, he was much attached. Hughoc was deemed indispensable; but it was not so obvious to the mother of the young laird, that a raw country boy, who had never seen a nobler city than the village of Largs was in those days, could be of much service to a gallant in the capital. Hughoc indeed might have been well spared, had not his master privately resolved in his own mind to make some figure at Court, and thought he could do it better by the attendance of a brisk and handsome page, than by the admonitory presence of his graver squire; for Baldy had, among other distinguished virtues, innumerable good advices to give on all occasions; but his master, with the lightheadedness of a young mind, did not much relish the idea of riding the streets with Wisdom at his elbow.

Father Jerome was the first who mounted;

he was out at the gate, and a good half hour on his journey, before Southennan was disentangled from the advices and benedictions of his mother. Hughoc also was timeously on horseback, but did not venture to advance before his master; he only curvetted his horse round the court for the amusement of the maids, and replied to their jeers and laughter as if he had been already a victor among them. The sedate Baldy had, with his characteristic circumspection, fastened his own horse by the bridle to the ring at the hall door, and walked his master's noble and well caparisoned gelding as proud as the horse itself—a little troubled in mind that the laird should let so much of the cool of the morning slip away.

At last Southennan made his appearance; the mirth of Hughoc was instantly hushed, and, winking to the women, he retired to the opposite side of the court, to allow room for his master to pass first through the gate. The laird bounded into the saddle, and soon made his exit, followed by Baldy, who, albeit his years, sprung upon his horse with an air that would have done credit

to the agility of a younger man. Hughoc followed him out of the court-yard, waving his bonnet in silence, with a look of expressive drollery, to the household and sorners as he passed.

## CHAPTER III.

“ How sweet these solitary places are !  
 How wantonly the wind blows through the leaves,  
 And courts and plays with 'em.  
 —— Hark ! how yon purling stream  
 Dances and murmurs ; the birds sing softly too.”

THE PILGRIM.

THE progress of Southennan and his men over the moors was slow. All traces of the road they took have long since been obliterated by the heath, if even then road it could be called, though it had been used from time immemorial, being the tract of communication between the eastern and western parts of the kingdom and the Hebrides. It led from Portincross Castle, which stands under the promontory, beyond West Kilbride, not only to Edinburgh but to the Queen's-ferry. Some antiquaries say it was the road by which many of the ancient Scottish



Kings were conveyed from Scone to the "store-house" of their ancestors in Iona.

On leaving his own gate, Southennan, following the route which Father Jerome had taken, passed southward to Kilbride, where, turning to the left inland, he proceeded over the hills and moors towards Paisley. His intention was to halt there the first night.

Had there been any choice in his option, he could not have chosen a more dreary course. After having ascended the hills, and so far declined behind them as to lose sight of Arran, and the dark mountains of Argyle, he came upon a wide, silent, and sullen heath, pathless in every direction save that in which the road lay. The road itself was more like the stony channel of a dried up brook than a highway. The hand of man had nothing to do in its formation; it was made by the hooves and feet of the travellers.

Yet is that sullen solitude, in the sportsman's season, not without beauty or interest. The heath presented one rich and splendid carpet of purple; and Hughoc, for lack of cross bow, snapped with his fingers at the grouse and other game,

which rose on the right and left of their path, as they rode easily along.

When the cavalcade started the morning was bright and beautiful ; a few thin feathery vapours, more like sun-gilded snowflakes than clouds, floated at rest in the azure, so high aloft that they had the effect of making the welkin appear as if it had been expanded into unusual spaciousness. The winds were asleep in the hollows of the moorland, but a soft western breeze rippled the distant sea, and made it flicker in the sunshine, while the gentle waves, as they spread in placid undulations on the sunny sands of Ardrossan bay, heard afar off, were musical in their murmurs.

To Southennan, whose mind was apt in delicate fancies, the sound, as it rose, softened by the distance, seemed like the churm of the mermaid, when she sits on the rock combing her green tresses, and wiling the young adventurer with the flatteries of the summer sea. He did not, it is true, confidently believe in the existence of these fallacious syrens ; he only cherished the fancy of it, because it served as it were to people

the void between the beings of the airy element and the unknown creatures which inhabit the depths of the deep; for Father Jerome had explained to him, that the mythology of the mermaids was but a pleasant impersonation of rocks and shallows in a murmuring calm, when the emotion of the softly rolling swell causes the tangle which hangs on them to oscillate to and fro, like the ringlets of a maiden when she combs her hair.

But as he proceeded over the dismal heath, these gay fables, which took their being in his imagination from the influence of the sunshine on the water, and the foreheads of the hills, gladdened by the morning light, were darkened with reflections of a duller hue.

Without being superstitious, beyond the ordinary credulity of the age, the mind of Southennan was delicately susceptible of impressions from the aspect and colouring of surrounding objects. His spirits often received their tone more from external circumstances than from any innate buoyancy or constitutional thoughtfulness.



As he ascended the heights above Kilbride, when all the gorgeous assemblage of mountains and headlands, and the bright waters of the extensive firth lay in the glory of the morning, he not only indulged his fancy in cheerful hopes and radiant anticipations, but encouraged the boy to sing, who had, unconsciously, commenced a ditty of the olden time. But as they rode farther into the desert of the heath, Hughoc obeyed the saddening genius of the solitude, and of his own accord suspended his song, while Baldy, symphonious to the wilderness, soon after began to lift up his lonely voice with an ancient ballad, describing a battle field in the moonlight, with widows wailing among the slain, seeking for those they had loved—and lost. As the day advanced, the soft and breathing air freshened into a breeze, which swept the heath with a sound like that of rushing water.

The road happened to turn suddenly into a shallow hollow, in which this sound was not heard, nor the breeze felt, and every thing was still. The travellers halted, for their plunge into this silence threw a momentary awe upon their

spirits. Baldy forgot his ballad, and his master, clapping spurs to his horse, rode on as if excited by some prompting of resolution to escape from that dumb and dreary place.

They had not, however, proceeded far, when they again were all induced to halt; the sound of a deep solemn voice chanting one of the canticles of the mass rose before them. Baldy crossed himself, and took off his bonnet, making a sign to the boy to do the same: the Laird looked back to them and said:

“It is Father Jerome, he is resting and waiting for us.”

The old man had dismounted near a spring, by the side of which two large stones had been rolled by some benevolent traveller, for seats to those who might come after him. It was in a sylvan nook of the little valley; for miles on all sides, only the brown and barren heather was to be seen; but here a margin of grass, bright and green, surrounded the well, and a few hazel and brambles hung over it.

Father Jerome invited Southennan to alight, as they could hardly expect to meet within the

moors a fitter place for refreshing themselves and their horses. The laird acceded to the invitation, and Baldy and Hughoc also dismounted, and the store basket of Abigail was placed on the ground.

Whilst Father Jerome and Southennan were enjoying their breakfast, the boy led his own horse down along the little rill which flowed from the spring, on the edge of which a fringe of verdure meandered through the heath, until it was lost in a strip of meadow,—the border of the Shaws water, a considerable stream which there crosses the moor. Baldy peevishly complained of the boy's thoughtlessness in not taking the mule, or another of the horses with him; but he had not long indulged his humour, when Hughoc, who had disappeared behind a knoll, was seen re-mounted coming back at the gallop, in evident alarm and consternation.



## CHAPTER IV.

“ A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.”

JOHNSON.

IN the mean time Southennan and Father Jerome, taking no heed of their attendants, were making such incisions as blunt knives could accomplish on the dried beef, and teeth could inflict on the oatmeal bannocks with which Abigail Cuninghame had plentifully supplied their basket. Hughoc, however, as soon as he came up to Baldy, began to relate to him something very wonderful. His expanded eyes and distended nostrils indicating, as much as the vehemence of his gestures and earnest voice, that he had made some important discovery, at least that he deemed it such.

The young laird, who had observed his gesticulations, directed the chaplain's attention to the

expressive pregnant looks of the boy. In the same instant that the holy father turned his head to regard him, Hughoc uttered a cry, and Baldy started, turning his eyes eagerly towards the bushes which overhung the spring where Southennan and the priest were taking their refreshment.

Southennan sprang hastily to his feet, but the old man, being much heavier, moved slowly round, and, laying his hands upon the stone on which he had sat, raised himself leisurely.

On the top of the bank, behind the bushes, a tall, swarthy, shaggy, and gaunt figure, with a cross-bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows on his shoulder, appeared. He was also armed with a staff in his grasp, almost as tall as a spear. It had a sharp dirk-like point, fastened by a rude mass of iron, rayed with iron spikes, and a hook attached to it, a dreadful weapon, either for stroke or pull.

This rough weather-beaten outlaw wore his vest and collar open. His neck was bare, of a bronze colour, and his breast was as shaggy as the bosom of a wolf; his locks were matted and

knotty, and he wore an iron scull-cap, which seemed, above the tufty mass of his dark and grissled hair like the shaven scalp of an uncouth anchorite. His vest, which had originally been crimson, wear and the weather had changed into a dingy purple: it had once possessed three rows of innumerable small brass bell-buttons, but many of them were then gone, and the gold lace with which it had been trimmed was tattered and tarnished. His short trowsers scarcely reached his knees, which were bare; his legs were also without hosen, and pieces of untanned ox-skin were tied about his feet, and came up like mocassins about his ancles—a primitive protection for the feet, partaking, in some degree, of all the qualities of the buskin, the shoe, and the sandal. From his belt he wore a broad sword, with a rusty basketed hilt, and a dagger, which by its glittering handle, contrasted with his robber-like appearance, suggested an apprehension that it had been the spoil of a foeman of some consideration.

Southennan looked at him with a smile, admiring his wild and stalwart form and demean-

our, as he stood on the brow of the rising ground, like an oak which had been scathed by the tempest, or a tower which, though in ruins, was yet capable, with the freebooters it harboured, to make a stern resistance.

“What would ye, Knockwhinnie,” said Southennan, for he knew the outlaw.

“Leave to go with you to Edinburgh,” was the reply.

“How can you think of going to Edinburgh?—you told me a price is set upon your head: you will be seized before we reach Paisley: but what would you in Edinburgh?”

“Petition the Queen’s Highness for pardon. I am not a guilty man, but an avenger. I but attempted to execute justice on the criminal who quenched the joy of my hearth.”

“I have pitied you,” replied the young Laird, “and will do so still, even to the hazard of my own undoing. I will try what may be done to procure a remission of the sentence proclaimed against you, but it is not meet that you should travel publicly in that garb on the highway.”

“If that be all it is soon doffed,” replied Knockwhinnie; and, turning round, he blew a small ivory whistle which hung from his neck by a light silver chain, and descending to the spot where the provisions were set out, on the invitation of Southennan, largely partook of them.

As he was eating Father Jerome frequently turned his eyes heavenward and crossed himself. Baldy gave his attendance with an unvarying visage, but Hughoc every now and then stooped, and turned up the corner of his eye with a degree of shrewdness and awe, evidently wondering wherefore it was that such an outcast was treated with so much courtesy. Before Knockwhinnie had finished his repast, a young man, bravely apparelled as a groom, came to the top of the rising ground, leading by the bridle a splendid horse, and mounted on another scarcely less superbly caparisoned. The Outlaw, waving to him with his hand, immediately arose, and followed his servant to that knoll on the heath from behind which Hughoc had so hastily returned.



Southennan stood for some time silent and perplexed. At last, bidding his servants partake of the refreshments, he touched Father Jerome slightly on the arm, and led him off to a short distance from them.

“What shall we do?” said Southennan: “this desperate man will assuredly come with us.”

“The presentation of his petition,” replied the Chaplain, “is plainly not all the intent which takes him to Edinburgh; he has, I am persuaded, some other purpose; for, were it not so, it had been better for him to have trusted you. What is his story? I have sometimes heard of his name, but I knew not that he was so near a neighbour.”

“Nor did I,” said the young Laird: “his usual haunt is beyond the Gryfe, and about the pad of Neilston. Of his story I know but little: it was, however, from himself I heard it, and it was tragical. I will, however, ask him to tell me more of it.”

“Surely,” cried the alarmed priest, “you



will not permit an outlaw, and such an outcast looking trooper, to travel in our company."

"He has said he will come," replied Southennan, "and I fancy he intends to do so, for I apprehend he is one that will have his own way. I have remarked, however, that he hath such breeding, that were I to refuse him, he would not mix with us, but follow. Indeed, to acknowledge the truth Father, but for the risk he runs himself, I should not be displeased with his company—the weather and a bed on the heath, with but the Heavens for a tester, have done more damage to the man than to the knight."

"Is he of that degree?"

"That you ask, makes me doubt, but only because I never heard. I have, however, observed that short as our acquaintanceship has been, much of his roughness is put on, and when unguardedly he talked of a courtly pastime, he spoke as one that had flourished in the eye-light of fair ladies, with gallants of knightly urbanity."

While they were thus conversing, Knockwhinnie re-appeared, mounted, and in costly apparel. He was now equipped like a prosperous gentleman, wearing a lofty plume in his cap, and though his embrowned complexion could not be so speedily changed, he bore a proud and warlike port, confirming to Father Jerome the opinion which Southennan had expressed.

“For a time, Southennan,” said Knockwhinnie, as he drew near, “I have cast my slough—think you the outlaw will be recognised in this garb?”

“No, not the outlaw,” replied the young Laird, eyeing him thoughtfully, “but one that made him so may.”

“Allons!” cried Knockwhinnie, gently pricking his horse, and adding, “the Queen, I have heard, brings a noble company with her from Paris, and I may see among them some of my French friends.”

Father Jerome, at these words, exchanged looks with Southennan, who said briskly,

“Then it is not for your pardon only that

you seek the Queen's presence, and undertake this hazardous expedition."

"No," was the answer; and with a dark and searching look, he muttered deeply and hoarsely into the ear of Southennan, "I seek revenge."

## CHAPTER V.

——“ Here’s a rich devouring cormorant,  
Comes up to town with his leathern budget stuffed  
Till it crack again.”

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

FATHER Jerome, having again mounted, was the first who left the spring where the party had refreshed themselves, steering his mule at her sober accustomed pace across the heath. Southennan and Knockwhinnie rode together, and at some distance behind, Stayns the servant of the outlaw, with Baldy and the boy followed.

By this time the wind had risen and blew gustily over the moor, and the skies overcast, threatened rain ; but owing to the interest which Southennan took in the conversation of his companion, the pace of the travellers was not mended, and their servants in consequence had leisure for a chat in their way.

Baldy had not much faith in Stayns on several accounts; first, because he was an English lad, and rather more familiar, as he thought, than became the rank of his servitude; and secondly, he belonged to a master who for some other cause than the "biggin o' kirks" was then not on very intimate terms with any sort of household society; but the greatest cause of Baldy's dislike was his irreligion, as he scarcely seemed to know the difference between the old and the new faith. He, as well as all the house of Southennan, was of the Roman Church; but with the exception of himself and Abigail Cuninghame, none of the servants were very inveterate in their attachment to the worship of their fathers; few, indeed, of the common people were as yet well acquainted with the special doctrines of the heresy. Even Father Jerome was not deeply versed in that matter; he took more pains to preserve the old piety alive on the household altar, though it sometimes flamed but feebly, than to heap it with the billets and coals of bigotry.

Thus, though it happened that Baldy was

civil to the servant of his master's companion, he yet manifested no particular inclination to cultivate his acquaintance, but behaved towards him with a degree of taciturnity that might not have been ill described a sulkiness.

Stayns was a lively, shrewd youth, and not being altogether satisfied with the uncompanionable humour of Baldy, after sometime dropped behind, and threw himself into discourse with Hughoc, who was then whistling aloud to cheer his courage up; for he was somewhat disconcerted at the idea of visiting the Royal Court in the company of a banished man. Whether Stayns had any pranks to play upon Southennan's squire and page, or was only stirred by curiosity, time will determine; but after some light and jocular remarks to the boy, he said,

“This affair of going to see the Queen will cost your master something.”

“Is'e warrant it,” replied Hughoc—“twal pennies and a boddle—they say it is dreadfu' dear to live in Embro.”

“Yes,” rejoined Stayns; “and fair cost is not the worst of it. I hope you have not only

a purse well filled, but a snug pocket to keep it in."

"As to the filling," said Hughoc, "the less said on that head the better; but it would tak the supplest finger on Clootie's claw to find the pouch that I keep my purse in."

"And doubtless the old priest there has been equally provident," said Stayns.

"Whisht—whisht!" cried the boy, "Lord sake gin you speak o' his purse ye'll hae cauld iron in your kyte like a flash o' lightning."

"Indeed!" replied Stayns: "has he then such a treasure?"

"Ye shouldna' speer at me, for I'm a' but sworn no' to say a word about what he has or what he has na'; but the likes o' his valise is no' to be found at every dyke side, as ye may guess without speering."

"Why! I have not travelled with such a well-furnished company this many a day," said Stayns, with an emphatic laugh. "And your master, what may he have taken with him?"

"Lord! man, ye're awfu' curious! What ken I what the laird has? Ye should ask him-



sel', if ye're greenin' to ken." And with these words, Hughoc, giving his cob a hearty cut with his whip on the flank, was alongside of Baldy, leaving Stayns to follow by himself.

"Man Baldy, that Knockwhinnie's man is an unca' queer fish; he has been wiseing by a' manner o' means to learn what siller we ha'e about us and amang us."

"Has he?" cried Baldy, with a look of alarm.

"'Deed he has, and to let you intil a secret, Baldy, I'm no' sure that I like it. Didna' ye say that his master was a rank ringing robber? Gude safe's! I wish we hadna' foregathered wi' him."

"I hope," said Baldy, not quite content with the news, "ye gave him no satisfaction as to what we ha'e?"

"Just as little as I could in decency," replied Hughoc; "but it wasna' possible to pretend that we were gaun to Embro' to link and gallant wi' the Queen, an' de'il-be-licket in our pouch: though the lad's only an Englisher, he's no' sae saft as to believe that spade shafts will bear



plums; but I hope we'll be in the town of Paisley before dark, for a' that."

"I hope we shall," replied Baldy; "but what said he to you, Hughoc?"

"Na, that's no' an easy remembrance; but it was a' to the purpose o' what I had, and what ye might have; and he counted in his ain mind the Laird at mair merks' worth than was gude manners."

"I'll tak' an occasion to tell Southennan," said Baldy, thoughtfully: "we must ha'e a' our eyne gleg about us."

"Oh! Baldy," cried Hughoc, "surely ye're no' feart that they'll do us an injustice, are ye? What if, when we're asleep in the night, they should"——

"Whisht!" cried Baldy, softly; Stayns being by this time close behind them.

"This Scotch wind is confoundedly cold," said he, as he came up.

"Aye, it's a geyan' droll wind," replied Baldy, constraining himself into more affability than he had hitherto shown to the stranger.

“Droll!” exclaimed Stayns, “I think it devilish sulky,”

“Is the deevil a sulky thing, think ye?” interposed Hughoc, attempting to imitate the sandy suavity of his superior.

At that moment, the Laird and Knockwhinnie having reached the top of a rising ground, which overlooked the vale of the Gryfe, and the wide-spread heath patched with a few fields in crop, between it and the Cathkin hills, halted, and called to Baldy to bring him his cloak; for the clouds, which had been thickening in the west for some time, were breaking in the valley, and the shower, careering along the plain, warned the Laird to provide against it. Baldy rode up with the cloak, and while assisting to put it on, Knockwhinnie rode forward.

“Ye’ll ha’e a deal o’ auld acquaintance wi’ that gentleman,” said Baldy to his master.

“No,” replied the Laird, carelessly, neither particularly heeding the remark, nor the significant manner in which it was expressed; and he added, “I have heard more than I have seen of him.”

“That’s very satisfactory—very,” rejoined Baldy, “for I wouldna’ ha’e just been content to tak’ so lang a journey wi’ an utter stranger; nor would I let wot to him, or any other body, what money I had wi’ me.”

Southennan turned quickly round, and, looking Baldy steadily in the face for a moment, said, with a smile, “So, you don’t like him?”

“I’ll no’ say that,” was the reply, “for he is certainly a very well faur’t and discreetly-mannered gentleman; but it’s no’ every gude master that has a servant worthy o’ him.”

“What know you of his servant?”

“’Deed, Laird, I may easily answer that question; for I ne’er saw him atween the eyne till he brought up the horses at yon uncanny whistle; but there’s a kennawhat about him that’s no’ just in our ain auld honest country fashion; but maybe the lad canna’ help it, for the Englishers in general, especially them that’s born and bred amang horses, never demean themselves like our sober and weel-behaved farm-lads; they ha’e an unco’ turn for latherons and revelings, which canna’ be upheld without mo-

ney, and where they get the power o' money that many o' them wastes, is a wonder to industrious folk. Hech! but yon's a heavy shower that's coming o'er the knowes; hows'ever, I'm blythe ye ha'e gotten sic an excellent character o' the master."

"Nay, as to that, Baldy, whether he dirked one or ten, he has not confessed to me."

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Baldy, "that's bad enough; it might, hows'ever, ha'e been waur, if it wasna' dune in a righteous cause. But the rain's coming on, and yonder he's waiting for you. I redde you, master, to tak' care o' yoursel."

The Laird rode forward. Baldy, with the other servants followed, his confidence neither in the integrity of master nor man much increased by his colloquy with Southennan.

## CHAPTER VI.

The day is lowering—stilly black  
Sleeps the grim wave; while heaven's crack,  
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky,  
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.

MOORE.

THE rain continued to increase; but the wind subsided as the travellers descended to the lower part of the moors, and a thick mist gradually settled around them, insomuch that they were often perplexed to recover their path when they happened to step aside from it. This made their progress slower than they had calculated, and the journey to Paisley, which was expected to be concluded early in the afternoon, appeared likely to occupy the whole day. In the meantime Knockwhinnie had disclosed so much of his history to Southennan that the Laird's opinion of him had very much improved. Greatly to the astonishment both of Baldy and

Hughoc, they observed that their master addressed the Outlaw with a degree of deference, inconsistent with what they conceived to be the odds between their respective degrees of consideration.

With the wonted caprice of the moorland weather, after the lazy mist had for upwards of two hours crawled in its palpable obscurity over the ground, the wind suddenly changed, and it was immediately resolved into a thorough soaking rain, which obliged the travellers to mend their pace, the road appearing more distinctly before them, and to ride for shelter towards a house which they saw at some distance standing a little off the road.

This house had something more considerable in its appearance than an ordinary farm-stead-  
ing; it was two stories, the lower windows were grated, indicating a consciousness on the part of the inmates of danger; those on the upper floor were also gloomy enough, for only a small strip of the upper part was glazed, the rest having shutters, or more properly doors, to keep out the wind: these were unpainted, and the boards



were darkly tinged by the weather; yet altogether it was not a desolate place; on the contrary, considering the age and situation, it was entitled to the epithet of respectable.

Southennan, who was acquainted with Kinlochie, the possessor, rode at once to the door, and sought shelter from the shower for himself and his party: this was readily, and even jovially granted; for Kinlochie was one of those hearty free characters, of a rough and wild time, who do not stand much on etiquette, but gladly receive their friends, without sufficiently considering how far it may be suitable to the circumstances of their own household and domestic economy. He therefore made Southennan and Knockwhinnie sincerely welcome, and the house rang with imprecations on all concerned, for their tardiness in not getting fires lighted, and what change of apparel the chests could afford for the dripping travellers.

At first his civilities were chiefly directed towards Southennan, whom he regarded as his chiefest guest; but when the fire blazed up, (for the windows being closed, the apartment was



obscure,) a strong light brightened on the face of Knockwhinnie, and made him suddenly pause, and look eagerly for a moment at the Outlaw. It was evident he was moved by some recollection of his features, and Southennan observed his emotion, but took no notice of it to him then. By a significant glance, however, at Knockwhinnie, he apprised him that their host seemed to have some knowledge of him.

The embrowned visage of Knockwhinnie underwent no change at this intelligence; but he undoubtedly felt some degree of alarm, although, on looking at Kinlochie, he could recal no remembrance of ever having seen him; for he said in a whisper to his young companion, when their host left the room for a moment, "He knows me, you think—what is it that he knows?"

"I shall soon ascertain," replied Southennan, and instantly followed Kinlochie, whom, much to his surprise, he found standing near the door in a state of hesitation.

The apartment into which the guests had been shown to dry themselves, was a sort of domestic parlour, which opened from a more con-

siderable chamber, that served for all the uses of the hall in greater houses, in those days of feudal hospitality; a large chimney blazed high at one side, near to which the servants were seated, together with two of Kinlochie's own men, and whose presence was the cause of his hesitation.

"I am glad you have come out, Southennan," said he, as the young Laird appeared; and drawing him aside, he added, "Were you acquainted before with your companion? for I understand he joined you with his man on the moor."

"Why, Kinlochie, you surprise me; for that is the very question I am come to ask yourself, as you appeared to have some recollection of him."

"Then he is but a way-side acquaintance," rejoined Kinlochie, with a degree of gravity and earnestness which Southennan could not but remark, especially when his host said, in a warm friendly tone, "Are ye sure of being safe, in these wild times, in travelling with a stranger?"

"Knockwhinnie is not altogether a stranger to me," was the reply.

“Knockwhinnie!” cried Kinloch; “is that the name he goes by?”

“Has he any other? By what you say, it would seem you know him, or his right name—what know you of him?”

“Nothing, in the way of acquaintance; but I have seen him before, and under circumstances that cannot be soon forgotten: I would rather, for the friendship I bear you and all your kin, that I had seen you in less questionable company.”

“But tell me why you say so; in what circumstances have you seen him?”

“It is a tale that will take time to tell; but I wish he were well out of my house, for while he is in it, I must needs protect him.”

“I beseech you to let me know something of what you allude to; it would seem there is hazard in his company, and you cannot better show your friendship than by putting me on my guard.”

“You know I was at the siege of Leith; the kingdom was then in an unsettled state, and men righted themselves with their own hands:

the law was too tedious. Sometimes, in the intervals of the siege, I went, with others of the camp, to Edinburgh; and there, one evening, at the cross, we saw one of the queen dowager's French gentlemen, whose name we knew, standing there with others, when a belted knight came suddenly up to them, and, without saying a word, plunged his dirk into the French gentleman: that knight was he whom you call Knockwhinnie: he instantly fled down one of the closes which lead to the Grass Market, and escaped: I would know him again among ten thousand men; you call him Knockwhinnie?"

"I know him by no other name: what cause was assigned for the assassination?"

"None; he had but the night before, it was said, arrived from France, and, for some dishonour done to him by Dufroy—so the French officer was called—inflicted that vengeance."

"Dufroy! said you? the gentleman still lives!"

"That may be; he was not then killed, though grievously wounded."

"Good heavens! Dufroy!" exclaimed Southennan, unconsciously to himself.

“Then you know him?” replied Kinloch; “how may that be? for this event took place when you were but a stripling, and it was rumoured at the time, that Dufroy returned with the French troops to France.”

“But I have been at Paris, as you know; and there I met with the Count Dufroy, who had been in Scotland: I became his debtor for many courtesies.”

“He is reported to be coming over again in the Queen’s retinue,” said Kinloch.

“You say the cause of the attempt on his life was not known; what could it be?”

But Kinloch could give no farther information. The business of the siege had, on the night of the attempted assassination, so engrossed the attention of every one in the camp, that even those who had witnessed it were wholly interested by their own duties, and had not leisure even to think of other concerns.

## CHAPTER VII.

“ I’m like a wretched debtor,  
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit  
Of all his worth, yet dare not offer it.”

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

WHEN Southennan returned into the chamber where the Outlaw was sitting, his countenance was so clouded that Knockwhinnie said to him —

“ Well, what have you learnt; what does he know of me ?”

“ Not much; but he was present when you attempted the life of a gentleman at the Cross of Edinburgh.”

“ Many more were there,” replied the Outlaw, drily and thoughtfully. “ It is strange he should have recollected me so well, for it is not likely that he knew me before. I had been

many years in the Guards of France, and I came to Edinburgh but the night before that unfortunate affair, nor has he seen me since: but it is often said, that a glance of a man, in certain circumstances, is sufficient to enable you to recollect him ever after."

"It gives me pleasure," said Southennan, "to hear you speak with regret of that affair; I trust the wrong by which you were instigated has been remedied?"

"It cannot be," said Knockwhinnie, with a sigh.

"I thought it might," replied the young Laird, "because you called it unfortunate."

"It was so," cried Knockwhinnie, sternly, "for the blow failed."

"The wrong must be deep that time cannot mitigate."

"It was, Southennan! it crushed my heart: my wife was his victim. His life alone can appease my vengeance."

"But are you well assured of the guilt of Dufroy?"

Knockwhinnie started from his seat at the



name; but mastering his emotion, he immediately resumed it, saying, with resolute calmness, "You have heard his name?"

"Even so; and I have known the Count. He treated me with much kindness when I was in France. I have not since seen a worthier gentleman."

"Oh, yes, he is not without virtues. Had he been less worthy he never could have done me such irremediable wrong."

At this crisis of their conversation Kinlochie hastily entered, and addressed himself abruptly to Southennan.

"A man on horseback has just come in, who says, that early to-morrow the Sheriff will be here with a troop of horse, having received information that an Outlaw is somewhere lurking among these moors."

"I am here; and you know it!" cried the Outlaw, springing from his seat, and in the same moment standing over him with his drawn dagger.

"Put up your weapon, Sir," said Kinlochie, coolly, for he was a brave soldier; "I respect



the protection which my roof affords, but it were safer to evade the search than to hazard being taken here. Does your man know you?"

"I believe not; he may guess; but he is trustworthy.—Do yours, Southennan, know?"

"No; but the circumstances in which we joined will make them probably guess."

"Then," replied Kinlochie, "it were as well you were all off together, and that you made some change in your route. I would advise, that, instead of proceeding to Paisley, you cross the Clyde at the Renfrew ferry, and take the road by Glasgow, to Linlithgow. The clouds are breaking, and promise a fine evening; some repast for you will soon be ready; when you have taken it I would urge you to depart."

The reason in this advice Southennan was not altogether inclined to follow: he was averse to be mixed farther up with Knockwhinnie's ravelled fortunes. He, however, said nothing; leaving it to his own sense of propriety, considering the manner in which he had obtruded his company, to adopt the course which his danger so obviously pointed out. Knock-

whinnie, indeed, was sensible of this, and observing the silence of Southennan, said—

“Let not this affair, Southennan, have any influence on you. I should have been happy to have passed with you, but it may not be. With you, I should have been less noticed than in travelling alone.”

Finally, it was agreed that the Outlaw should proceed by the way of Glasgow, and Southennan pursue the course he had originally intended to take. In the meantime Father Jerome, whom they had left behind, following, despite of the rain, at the wonted precise pace of his mule, came up to the house where he conjectured they had taken shelter. From him they learnt that there were several other horsemen on the moor, by one of whom he had been informed that the Sheriff was already out, and that some of those whom he had seen were men of his party, nor was it improbable they would come to Kinlochie's that night.

This information disturbed the whole party. The risk of Knockwhinnie in going before the evening was evident; nor was his safety very

certain even by remaining in the house, as it was not improbable that the wetness of the weather would drive in those who were in pursuit of him.—Some time was in consequence spent in idle debate as to what should be done, when Southennan proposed to depart at once.

“ We must risk something, whether we go or stay,” said he, “ and I would rather risk it at once.”

Kinlochie approved of this, but urged them to separate as soon as practicable ; his regard for Southennan made him anxious that he should incur no further hazard with the Outlaw, who was equally anxious that they should not continue together, now that he saw the difficulty into which Southennan was likely to be brought on his account. But the danger of the Outlaw acted differently on the feelings of Southennan. Desirous as he was a few minutes before to escape from the entanglement into which he had been so innocently drawn, he felt for his condition ; he thought there was something like pusillanimity in quitting him at his utmost need, and, for some time, an honourable controversy

arose between them, the one being eager to separate, and the other averse to permit it. Kinlochie, however, was too eager on his own account to be rid of the whole party, to leave the contest to themselves. He reminded them, that while they were debating, the enemy was drawing nearer, and urged them to settle the question rather on the road, than by delaying their departure; at last he succeeded, and after making a hearty meal, they prepared to set out.

It happened, however, that Father Jerome had been so thoroughly wetted that he was obliged to undress, and hang his clothes at the fire to dry. Southennan, who observed Knockwhinnie once or twice throw his eye wistfully towards them, said—

“If they would fit—there have been worse stratagems, in situations similar to yours, than taking possession of them.”

“I have been thinking so,” replied the Outlaw; “but what would the chaplain himself say?”

“We must not wait for his consent, if they will serve.”

While thus speaking, Father Jerome, who, for lack of other garments, had gone to bed, sent a message by Baldy, requesting to speak with Southennan ; who immediately obeyed the summons.

As soon as he had left the room, Baldy said, in a suppressed voice to Knockwhinnie, “ I doubt, sir, that the man in the ha’ has mair business to do here than to dry himsel’ at the fire ; and may be it were better if ye could get to the other side of the knowe before he sees you ; for I ha’e gathered frae him that the Shirra’s men are already out, though he said they were no expected afore the morn : and that he himsel’ is one of them.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ He must break thro’ three doors and cut the throats of ten tall fellows, if that he escape us.”

THE LOVER’S PROGRESS.

THE departure from Kinlochie’s house was managed with some address. The Outlaw went out alone, and his horse was taken to him by Stayns. Soon after, Southennan and his servants mounted at the door, and followed; but it was thought as well to leave Friar Jerome and Hughoc, to bring up the rear.

As they approached the more settled country, Baldy was sent forward, and directed to conduct himself like an ordinary traveller, and to have his eyes and ears open to all sorts of information: instead of going to Paisley, he was, however, directed to proceed towards Renfrew, and wait for them at the ferry.

Baldy was not altogether pleased with this

arrangement. There was something which he could not penetrate about his master's companion; moreover he was a stranger, and that of itself was objectionable, for Baldy was in no way or degree partial to what was unknown. But his fidelity overcame all his scruples, and he rode on as directed, without offering the slightest scruple.

He had not parted half an hour from his master, when he met a number of the Sheriff's men, who had been obliged to take shelter, during the rain, in a farm-house, and he was stopped and strictly questioned by them concerning any report he might have heard about the haunts of Knockwhinnie. To all which he freely answered, in such a manner, that without giving them any information, satisfied his own conscience that he had told them nothing but the truth. He was, however, perplexed at the description they gave of the Outlaw, which corresponded exactly to the first appearance of Knockwhinnie, and left him in no doubt that the stranger was one and the same individual; but true to the confidence placed in him, he



afforded them no hint by which they might have guessed that the Outlaw had left his lair in the moor.

When the Sheriff's men parted from Baldy, they pursued their course straight towards Kinlochie, where they intended to stop that night; for although the rain was over, the sky was still doubtful, and in such a time a couch on the open heath was not particularly desirable. But they had not proceeded far, when they fell in with Friar Jerome and Hughoc, coming leisurely along, talking much, and the boy bearing his full share of the conversation.

The leader of the Sheriff's party appeared inclined to pass on without speaking to them; but one of his men knew both the chaplain and the boy, and hailed them in passing, inquiring their news; meaning thereby what they could tell of the Outlaw, for what else could in those days be heard of in that part of the country?

Friar Jerome not being disposed to enter into conversation with them, pursued his way onward at his slow and wonted pace, while Hughoc lingered behind, and was not tardy in his answers.



“ Oh! ’deed,” said he, to the first interrogatory concerning Knockwhinnie, after they had given him the description; “ I’m sure he has been lurking about our quarters, for I saw a man this morning that kens him very well, and he foregathered wi’ him nae further gane than the day before yesterday. Didna’ ye say he had an iron skullcap and a red waistcoat? ”

“ In what direction was he then? ”

“ Na, sir, that ’s mair than I can tell; but he’s flechtering about the moor like a black-cock, and where he was seen the day, ye canna’ count on finding him the morn. What has he done that ye’re making such a foray to find him? ”

“ The Shirra kens,” replied Aaron Henderson, the man with whom Hughoc was holding his colloquy; “ for it’s no more our business to meddle with such matters, than for soldiers to reason of the causes of the battles they’re to fight.”

“ Weel! catch him if ye can,” said Hughoc; “ but I would na’ be in your line for something, riding with swords and rungs to catch or fell an

honest man, and no' to ken for what. It's an awfu' business!"

Hughoc, on saying thus, rode on, and soon again came up with the chaplain and his mule; but instead of addressing him with his usual familiarity, he dropped behind, and appeared thoughtful, often looking behind and around with wary eyes, in apprehension of some expected danger.

When they came to the spot where the road to Paisley diverges to the right, and that to Renfrew to the left, the party was halting there for them. Southennan, as they approached, rode back to the chaplain, and held a short conversation with him apart in an under voice, and in leaving him directed him aloud to proceed to Paisley. In the meantime, Knockwhinnie walked his gallant gelding onward as cautiously as if it had been a mule, and he accustomed to ride no other sort of animal.

Before this time the sun had set, and the rosy twilight was fading into grey, giving the assurance of a sunny morrow. In parting from the

friar, Southennan, noticing the promise, desired Hughoc to go with the chaplain.

They had not, however, proceeded far, when they fell in with another of the Sheriff's beagles, whom they attempted to pass without speaking; but the man addressed himself to the chaplain. The old man, however, rode on without halting; and Hughoc cried to the officer, "Ye need na' speak to our Mess John, for he's as deaf as an image in the kirk: say what's your will, and I'll answer if I can."

The man then repeated to him what had been heard from so many others before, and inquired if they had fallen in with any body answering to the description of the Outlaw.

"Lord! man," replied Hughoc, "if ye think o' getting him by that account, I doubt ye'll be in a mistake; for that's the very effigy o' a neighbour o' ours, a desperate soldier, who was out in the auld Queen's wars. He wears an iron cowl and a red waistcoat, and the heft of his spear's like a weaver's beam. 'Od sake! I would advise you, if ye fa' in wi' him, to speak him kindly, for he has a neive like a beer mell. A cuff from

our lucky Lennox's yarn beetle would be but a pat compared with the power o' his arm. Therefore I redde ye, if ye hae any reverence for your head, no' to make a touzle wi' him until ye hae found that he's no' your man. But Father Jerome's looking back for me, and I maun wish you gude night, for he's a cankerly body, and winna stop lang. Gude night—look to your hernpan if ye come within the reach o' our neighbour's staff."

So saying, Hughoc rode on to the chaplain, and when he came up to him, related the substance of what had passed. The old man made no reply, but spurred his mule in a manner unusual both to himself and the beast; which, instead of mending its pace, on being pricked, stood stock still.

In the meantime, Southennan and his party pursued their course towards the Renfrew ferry at a round trot, exchanging but few words with one another. Just as they reached the confluence of the two Carts at Inchinnan, and were about to take the ford, several of the Sheriff's men on horse-back, were seen coming up to them at

full speed ; and almost at the same moment two more appeared on the other side of the river. Neither Southennan, nor his companion, nor the servants, evinced any emotion on the occasion, but leisurely examined the ford before attempting to cross ; the recent rains having swelled and troubled the stream. At last they entered the water, Baldy leading the van ; by the time they reached the bank, the Sheriff's men were also in the river, and escape, had it been intended, was impracticable. Such, however, was the coolness of Southennan and all his party, that it was not apparent they had the slightest intention to avoid their pursuers ; on the contrary, immediately on quitting the water, they proceeded on at the same brisk unhurried rate at which they were riding when the Sheriff's hounds first came in sight.

## CHAPTER IX.

“ Hair-breadth ’scapes.”

OTHELLO.

OUR travellers having proceeded at a constant and brisk pace towards the ferry across the Clyde at Renfrew, reached it before their pursuers came up with them, and the boat being ready, Southennan requested Knock-whinnie and his man Stayns, to embark and push over, while he would wait and see what it was the men wanted. This was no sooner said than done.

Before the boat had reached the middle of the stream the Sheriff’s men arrived, and the leader of them, with the usual suavity of such dignitaries, requested to know who it was that had just crossed the river? Southennan replied, “ A gentleman who joined me on the road.”

“ His name?”

“Knockwhinnie,” replied Southennan, with a slight perceptible hesitation—“I have heard him so called, but I have only spoken to him for the first time this morning.”

The men looked at one another, and the leader said, “The boy spoke of Knockwhinnie as if he were in the west;” and then, turning to the young Laird, he inquired “if he knew what business Knockwhinnie had in Edinburgh?”

“I think,” replied Southennan, a little proudly, “that you cannot expect me to answer that question. He joined me on the moor almost an entire stranger. I knew him by sight, but how could I question him concerning his affairs on such an imperfect knowledge?”

At this juncture Knockwhinnie and his servant landed on the opposite bank, where they left the boat unfastened, for they had embarked without the ferryman, and immediately remounted, having swam their horses. The boat soon receded from the bank, and the tide being then ebbing, was taken by the stream down the river.

For this incident Southennan was unprepared,

and appeared unaffectedly disconcerted. The Sheriff's men at once exclaimed that the fugitive could be no other than the Outlaw, and broke out into vehement imprecations against him for having so tricked them of the boat. Southennan did not exchange many words with them, but remounted, and desiring Baldy to do the same, said he would ride to Paisley for the night, and accordingly immediately set off, leaving the disappointed beagles growling on the shore.

He had not, however, left them long, when the ferryman joined them, and, indignant at the loss of his boat, stood mingling his maledictions with theirs, in the expectation of one of the passage boats from Glasgow making her appearance. They waited in the hope of being conveyed across by her, and he, that she would endeavour to pick up the boat.

At last she appeared, and when she had landed her passengers, the Sheriff's men embarked, and were speedily in pursuit of the fugitives. They came up to them within a mile of the city. It seemed, by the appearance of the horses, that



Knockwhinnie and Stayns had ridden hard, although, at the time when their pursuers came up, they were walking at a leisurely rate. The leader of the pursuers observed this, and concluding from it that all was right in the way he wanted, directed his men at once to surround them, as well as to prepare themselves for resistance, as it was not to be expected the Outlaw would surrender without a struggle. At the same time, he was not very firm in his purpose, being conscious that in his zeal he was exceeding his authority, by transgressing the jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Lanark. However, his men did as he directed, and in the course of a few minutes the fugitives were surrounded.

Stayns being an Englishman, and not very clearly understanding the Renfrewshire dialect, evaded the first question which Henderson, the Sheriff's man, put to him. This might have been really owing, as he said, to his not exactly comprehending the language, or perhaps with the intent to gain time; for it was evident, by what had taken place, how much it was an object to do so. The man, becoming impatient at the equi-

vocation, addressed himself to Knockwhinnie, who was sitting quietly on his horse, with a lethargic appearance.

“Your name, sir?” said Henderson, addressing him abruptly.

“What occasion is there that you should inquire my name?” was the answer.

“I must know it; I am empowered by the Sheriff of Renfrewshire to arrest you wherever I should find you.”

To this no reply was given; for seeing there could be no longer any equivocation, Father Jerome, lifting the cap of Knockwinnie, showed the shaven crown which was beneath. The Outlaw and he had changed clothes at Kinlochie, and Knockwhinnie with Hughoc were long before this time at rest in a hostel in Paisley.

Henderson was for a moment confounded at discovering the chaplain in the warlike garb of a French officer, for he was not unacquainted with him; but in some degree amused at being so well deceived, he began to laugh, and all present joined, and enjoyed the joke.

It was now too far in the evening for the She-

riff's men to think of returning across the ferry that night, with the slightest chance of overtaking the fugitives, for they could not doubt that Southennan, having gone to Paisley, would there apprize Knockwhinnie of what was likely to take place, and that he would be very far from their grasp, before they could reach him.

Accordingly they proceeded all in one band to Glasgow, which they reached just as the candles were beginning to be lighted, and stopped at an hostel in the Gallowgate, which in latter days became improved into the respectable inn of the Saracen's Head.

Father Jerome was not, however, much satisfied with his masquerade apparel; and soon after alighting, desired Stayns, who was a shrewd and sharp fellow, to go to the Blackfriars' convent in the High-street, and request a friar, with whom he was acquainted, to come to him, and to bring with him the garb of his order, to enable him to resume his proper ecclesiastical appearance. Stayns, however, thought that the message afforded him an opportunity of rendering his master more essential service, and, in consequence,



instead of proceeding on foot to the convent, he re-saddled his horse, and riding to the ferry at the foot of the Saltmarket, was taken across, and proceeded to Paisley, leaving Father Jerome to the protection of Providence.

## CHAPTER X.

“ I could wish  
That the first pillow, whereon I was cradled,  
Had proved to me a grave.”

FORD.

IN the meantime the Queen, after leaving the Straits of Dover, had met with a fair wind, and arrived sooner than was expected at Leith. The preparations making for her reception were not completed, and she disembarked with her attendants, under circumstances but little calculated to reconcile her to the change in her fortunes. None of the dignitaries or great officers of the kingdom were in attendance to receive her; the day was bleak, and all the landscape saddened with a lowering and inclement sky.

It is said, that when she stepped on the shore and contrasted its cold and lonely aspect with the

splendour from which she had come, that she burst into tears; and in passing over the links of Leith to the palace of Holyrood, she frequently sighed as she cast her eyes on the furze and rude soil around, and the naked and frowning cliffs of Arthur's Seat, and the rocks of the Salisbury Craigs.

Among her train was Adelaide, the adopted daughter of the Count Dufroy who had incurred the animosity of Knockwinnie, and Chatelard, one of her secretaries, a young gentleman of the French court, distinguished by his personal accomplishments, and particularly for his taste and skill in music.

The beautiful Adelaide had not become acquainted with the accomplishments of Chatelard with impunity; but, with maidenly propriety, she endeavoured to repress every outward indication of her affection, while she fondly cherished it in her heart; still she was not always so guarded as not occasionally to evince the interest which Chatelard had excited, and her royal mistress more than once playfully expressed her suspicion of the secret attachment.

But on Chatelard her charms and her gentleness were ineffectual: he, in common with the other gallants of the court, admired her beauty and acknowledged the grace and sweetness of her manners, but when she was not present he had no recollection that so lovely and soft a being was in existence, for his bosom was filled with the image of another—a passion more hopeless than her's.

Like all who approached his royal mistress, he had felt the influence of that beauty which had no parallel, and the enchantment of that gracefulness which was, according to historians, never beheld without admiration or love. Mary was then in the bloom of youth and in the pride of her surprising charms. The blight had not then tainted the blossom; the early dew-drop still sparkled on its leaf as it glowed in the sunshine, caressed by the gales of prosperity.

The devotion of Chatelard to the Queen was not unknown among her Majesty's immediate attendants. The fond eyes of the mild and retiring Adelaide—

“ Who never told her love,  
But let Concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Prey on the damask roses of her cheek.”

were, perhaps, the first that detected his ambitious passion; but the Queen herself never appeared to perceive the flame which her own radiance had kindled; on the contrary, she regarded the unfortunate Chatelard with a degree of intellectual compassion, more withering than scorn to the hopes of love, and Chatelard felt it as such. Even before the departure from Paris he was sensible, by the behaviour of Mary, that she had discovered his secret, and had chosen a demeanour of mingled dignity and pity to apprise him of the vain folly which had taken possession of his heart; nor could he equivocate to himself by any fallacy of self-flattery, that the condescension with which she had advised him not to think of coming to the rude climate of Scotland, had any other object than to intimate, with the delicacy peculiar to her own exquisite discernment, that he was incurring the hazard of presumption by yielding to his infatuation.



But on that night—the night of her arrival in the habitation of her royal ancestors, she bestowed upon him a mark of attention which his vanity, not discerning the causes from which it flowed, interpreted to signify some yielding regard awakening in the bosom of the Queen. When the nobles and gentry of the realm who were then in Edinburgh had offered their congratulations, Mary withdrew to her private apartment with Adelaide and certain other of her ladies, and, being affected with irrepressible presentiments of sorrow, she ordered her musicians to play during their joyless supper, and in compliment to her Scottish subjects, directed that only the minstrels belonging to the palace should attend.

Whatever power they might have possessed over the pathetic melodies of their native land, they, unfortunately, did not perceive the pensive mood of the Queen, and in consequence, yielding to the suggestions of their loyalty, they jarred her dejected feelings with brisk and enlivening airs, in unison with the pleasure which they felt themselves. Mary saw the spring

which prompted these expressions of joy, and endured, for a considerable time, the music that was so discordant to the mood of her spirit. Had she then dismissed the minstrels, they would have exulted in the honour of having been heard so long by their royal mistress; but their envy was awakened, when it was understood that the musicians who had come with her from France were summoned, after they quitted the presence, to supply that solace which they had failed to produce. But the foreign musicians also failed: the shadow of coming Fate was on the spirit of the Queen, and something more than the spell of sounds was required to change her ruminations.

She sat amidst her ladies, with her cheek leaning on her hand, and her eyes moistened with the tears of remembrance. Nor were the ladies more cheerful, for they already felt the mournful difference between the chill climate and rude aspect of Scotland, and the luxuriant hills and sparkling valleys they had left.

“I wish,” after a long pause, said the Queen, “that some one would sing to me the woes of a

dismayed heart, or any ditty that deplores past joys and breathes of hopelessness:"—and she added, in the thought of the moment, "Send for Chatelard, and let him bring his lute with him."

Adelaide started at this request; her love was alarmed; but apprehensive lest her emotion should be discovered, she rose, and delivered the message to the page in the anti-chamber, and it was soon obeyed. Chatelard, on entering the room, at once perceived, by the pale and dejected countenance of the Queen, that she was not tuned to the joyous harmony that rung in other parts of the palace, and he composed his voice and lute to strains of a melancholy cast: he chose for his theme a song of the Troubadours, a true-bred knight, in Palestine, lamenting his rejected love. This tale of fictitious passion reflected the truth of his own feelings, but not more of his than of those of the fair and disconsolate Adelaide, whose emotion became, as he proceeded with the romantic ballad, so strong, that she could no longer suppress her tears, and to conceal them was obliged to leave the room.

## CHAPTER XI.

“In short, my lord,  
He saw her—loved her.”

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

It was on the evening of the Queen's arrival that Southennan reached Edinburgh with Knockwhinnie. Their adventures, after escaping the beagles of the Sheriff of Renfrewshire, as already described, possessed no particular interest; but on reaching the city, which it was so contrived should take place in the evening, just before the shutting of the gates, Knockwhinnie deemed it expedient to separate himself from the young Laird. Perhaps his own safety was not his sole motive; he might have some purpose connected with his vowed vengeance against the Count Dufroy, for by this time he had acknowledged that he did not intend to present any petition to

the Queen, but was actuated, in coming to the metropolis, by his revenge.

In the course of the journey, Southennan had several times attempted to draw the Outlaw into some relation of the particular circumstances regarding the alleged seduction of his lady by Dufroy; but his thoughts were wild on the subject, and he was ever rendered incapable by the vehemence of his feelings to proceed with the narrative.

Southennan gathered from the several abortive attempts, that there was something equivocal in the imputed guilt, and he intimated his doubt to Knockwhinnie. It was only once, however, that he did so, for the surmise, instead of suggesting pleasure or hope, only excited violent bursts and vows of passion. It was therefore not unpleasant to Southennan, that Knockwhinnie, on entering the town, had so separated himself.

But to do the young Laird justice, it must not be supposed, when the Outlaw quitted him, that he was resolved to take no further interest in his fate. On the contrary, the satisfaction he

derived from the incident, was in consequence of the opportunity it afforded him to inquire more exactly into the real circumstances of the story, than he could possibly do if they remained associated. The unhappy Outlaw had in the course of the journey, inspired him with sentiments of much regard, and awakened a sympathy for his distress of mind, that would in any case have moved the generous nature of Southennan to mitigate his suffering by all the means in his power.

Accordingly, having given directions to Baldy, his confidential servant, to provide lodgings, he proceeded from the hostel where he intended to stop for that night, to Holyrood House, in quest of some of his friends, whom he expected to meet there, or to gather news concerning them. Thus it happened, that when Adelaide came from the Queen's chamber, he was standing in the gallery through which she passed to her own apartment, waiting for the return of one of the domestics of the palace, that he had sent in quest of Chatelard, whom he had previously known at Paris, but of whose engagement at

that time with her Majesty the servant had not known.

The beautiful and buoyant figure of Adelaide, as she came towards the spot where Southennan was standing in the obscurely lighted gallery, seemed to possess something more airy and graceful than he had ever beheld in woman; and when, as she passed, he saw that she was in tears, his admiration of her elegance was immediately blended with sentiments of pity and tenderness. But he was alone—no one was in the gallery to inform him who she was, or to what cause her distress at such a time could be owing, especially as she had come out of the royal apartments.

The servant whom he had sent in quest of Chatelard was long in returning, which gave Southennan time to ruminate concerning what he had seen, and of the elegant creature who so awakened his sympathy, until her image took possession of his thoughts, and he could not conceal from himself that he had never beheld so delightful a vision.

At last the domestic came back, with the

intelligence that Chatelard was with her Majesty. He was followed by a gentleman, whom Southennan at once recognised as the Count Dufroy, who on hearing his name mentioned in the room where it was expected Chatelard was at play with others of the French gentlemen, had recollected his gallant appearance as the page of the Lord Fleming, and came to renew his acquaintance.

Southennan, on seeing the Count, and reflecting on the peril in which he stood with respect to Knockwhinnie, was for a moment disturbed; but after their respective felicitations were exchanged, he could not but deem the meeting, so early, fortunate, and resolved at once to come to some explanation on the subject with the Count. He accordingly proposed that they should adjourn from the gallery to the gardens, the night being sultry, and the moon high and bright.

“Nothing can be more fortunate than this meeting,” said Southennan; “and I trust, when I explain what it is that makes me say so, you will not regard me as intrusive, in asking a question or two concerning a subject in which



you may think I can have no possible reason to be interested. When you were last in Scotland, it is said that an attempt was made on your life, in the midst of many gentlemen then assembled at the Cross of Edinburgh."

"It is true," replied the Count, thoughtfully; "and my enemy was Knockwhinnie, son-in-law of my friend, the Lord Kilburnie."

"By what motive was he actuated?" inquired Southennan; "for I have heard that he had but just returned from France, and was personally unknown to you."

Dufroy made no immediate answer, but looked steadily, almost sternly, for a short time at Southennan: he then said, with an impressive emphasis,

"There must be some special cause which moves you, Southennan, to ask that question. Are you related to Knockwhinnie?"

"No," replied the young Laird, guardedly, for he perceived that he had touched some long dormant feeling; "I have but lately heard his story, and that he is, I am grieved to say, fired against you with inextinguishable revenge."

A slight glow passed over the visage of the

Count, his eyes flashed for a moment, and with a sudden shudder, as if touched with electricity, he exclaimed,

“Is it possible that he is in that humour still?”

“And I fear will always be, if what I have heard be true,” replied the young Laird, with firmness and dignity.

“What have you heard?” said the Count, a little proudly, - evidently, however, more astonished than offended: but, before Southennan could make any reply, one of the pages summoned Dufroy to attend the Queen, and our hero returned with him to the gallery, where he found Chatelard.

## CHAPTER XII.

“ Who’s there ?

Nay, answer me, stand and unfold yourself.”

HAMLET.

SOUTHENNAN, having no other opportunity that night of resuming his conversation with the Count Dufroy, left the palace to return to the house where his horses were stabled.

He walked warily through the narrow lanes and dark streets, with that obscure dread which strangers ever experience in cities. Perhaps his apprehension was increased by the number of unknown persons whom the arrival of the Queen had attracted, many of whom, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were still abroad. But the dreadful predilection of the age to avenge in person, private

wrongs\* sufficiently justified his wariness; for, although he had not an enemy, he was yet aware

\* The causes which gave rise to the frequent assassinations of the period to which our story relates, require to be noticed, that the lax justice of the time may not seem incredible: we shall therefore abridge Dr. Robertson's account of the matter.

"Resentment," says he, "is one of the strongest passions of man: it prompts the injured to inflict himself the vengeance due for what he has suffered; but to permit this would be destructive to society, and, therefore, private revenge was early disarmed, and the sword of justice committed to the magistrate. At first, the punishment of crimes was retaliation, the offender forfeited limb for limb, and life for life: a compensation in money succeeded to the rigour of this institution. The law in these but ministered to the gratification of resentments. He who suffered the wrong was the only person who had a right to pursue, to exact, and to remit punishment. But while the law allowed such scope to the revenge of one party, the interests of the other were not neglected. If the evidence of his guilt did not amount to full proof, or if he reckoned himself unjustly accused, he had a right to challenge his adversary to single combat, and, on obtaining the victory, vindicated his honour. This practice became so common, that justice had seldom to use her balance; the sword decided the contest, and revenge was publicly nourished with blood, until society could no longer endure the ferocity. The trial by combat was then discouraged, the payment of compensation was

that mistakes were sometimes committed, and that the victim was not always the object of the revenge.

abolished, and the punishment for crimes became more severe: but Police was young, her hands were infantine, her jurisdiction undetermined, the evasion of offenders easy, and the administration of justice feeble and dilatory. To the haughty and irascible nobles, among whom the causes of discord were many and inevitable, who were quick in discerning injury, and impatient to revenge it—who deemed it infamous to submit to any enemy, and cowardly to forgive him—the slow proceedings of the judicature were unsatisfactory, and that vengeance which the impotent hand of the magistrate could not, or durst not, inflict, their own could easily execute. Thus, in the weakness of the law and deficiencies of police, men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of redressing their own wrongs, and thus assassination, a crime the most destructive to society, came not only to be frequently perpetrated with impunity, but to be accounted not even dishonourable.

“The authors of those days have perfectly imbibed the sentiments of their cotemporaries with respect to assassination, and they who had leisure to reflect and to judge appear to be no more shocked at this crime than the persons who committed it during the heat and impetuosity of passion. Buchanan describes the murder of Cardinal Beaton and of Rizzio, without expressing those feelings which are natural to a man, or that indignation which becomes a historian. Knox, whose mind was



Ontario.

In passing through the gate which separated, in those days, the palace of Holyrood from the city, he observed a man closely muffled in his cloak, notwithstanding the sultriness of the weather, walking up towards the Cross, within the shadow of the houses, which the moonlight at the time threw black upon the street. There was nothing so particular in this circumstance as to excite his attention, and he probably would have continued his course without casting a

fiercer and more unpolished, relates the death of Beaton and of the Duke of Guise, not only without censure, but with the utmost exultation. On the other hand, the Bishop of Ross mentions the assassination of the Earl of Murray with some degree of applause. Lord Ruthven, the principal actor in the conspiracy against Rizzio, wrote an account of it a short time before his own death, and, in all his long narrative, there is not one expression of regret, or one symptom of compunction, for a crime no less dishonourable than barbarous. Morton, equally guilty of the same crime, entertains the same sentiments concerning it, and, in his last moments, neither he himself, nor the ministers who attended him, seem to have considered it as an action which called for repentance. Even then he talks of David's slaughter as coolly as if it had been an innocent or commendable deed."

second glance at the stranger, but for an incident which, in those perilous days, was calculated to increase his vigilance.

In passing a lamp under a niche, at the corner of a dark wynd, where an image of a saint had a short time before stood, the stranger stepped on before him, and suddenly turning round as he came within the light, eyed him with an eager and sharp look.

The spirit of Southennan was roused by this rudeness; but before he had time to demand an explanation, the obtruder had hastily moved forward.

A short way before them, higher up the street, was a bonfire, around which a crowd of boys and artisans were displaying their loyalty, by riotously throwing about brands snatched from the burning, to the great annoyance of the more debonair lieges who happened to pass. In approaching towards it, Southennan observed that the stranger placed himself in the entrance of a close by which he was obliged to pass, he had no doubt for the purpose of renewing his unmannerly inspection. Quickened to resentment

by this notion, the young Laird resolved not to let the rudeness be repeated with impunity; but a moment's reflection, and the remembrance of his mother's counsel, convinced him that he ought not to brave the insolence of one, whom it might be no honour to treat so much as an equal, or to seek a quarrel with; and accordingly, he passed over to the other side of the street.

The stranger, regardless of consequences, and determined to satisfy his curiosity, also crossed the street a little above the bonfire, and met Southennan exactly opposite to it. There was something so like defiance in this new impertinence, that our hero felt himself constrained to abandon his prudence, and to inquire why he was thus so dodged and waylaid. Accordingly, he walked proudly towards the stranger; but, before he could address him, the other, who had by this time obtained, from the light of the fire, a full view of his person, respectfully came forward, and apologised for his indecorum.

“It is due, Sir,” said he, “for the rudeness of which I have been guilty, that I should frankly



explain to you the reason of my conduct. I was informed that a gentleman whom I have great cause to seek, had this evening arrived in Edinburgh from the west country. He was described to me dressed as you are, and that he was in the Abbey. I followed him thither just as you were coming out; and when you appeared, answering to the description, I was only prevented by your more youthful mien from then addressing you as him. It is many years since we have met, and I made allowance for some alteration upon him; but it was not until I had a full view of your person, that I was satisfied you were not the man."

Something in the expression of "the man," struck Southennan discordantly; and he could not for an instant doubt that the person whom the stranger sought was Knockwhinnie, for whom he had been himself described, nor was it without pain that he heard the unfortunate Outlaw was so soon suspected of being in Edinburgh. Without entering, however, into any explanation, he accepted the stranger's apology, and parting from him, pursued his way homeward.

This simple casualty was augmented in interest to him by the demeanour and physiognomy of the stranger, as seen by the strong red glare of the bonfire; and his remarkable appearance took possession of his imagination, the natural affinity of which to whatever was wild and strange, had never before been so powerfully called into action.

The general contour of the stranger's figure was martial and athletic; his features were bold and handsome; but there was a sinister cast in his eyes, which gave a disagreeable expression to his dark countenance. He was so wrapped up in his cloak, that the style of his dress could not be seen, except a part of his vest, which was richly embroidered, and he wore buff gauntlets; all which indicated a personage above the common ranks. His years were, perhaps, not so many as the lines of his face seemed by the light of the fire to show; but he was at least more than double the age of Southennan. In his speech he was evidently a Scotchman, but his accent had a foreign sound in it—not, however, exactly like that which his countrymen who went

to France commonly brought home with them, nor was it altogether an imitation of the English. In a word, it was evident that he had been some time abroad, and that he was a man of military habits, as well as of an intrepid spirit: his self-possession clearly showed this.

As the young Laird reflected on the encounter, it seemed to grow in his imagination to an adventure, and he reasoned about it until he had fairly persuaded himself that the stranger was some one whom the pride of Knockwhinnie had provoked into an adversary, and who had come in search of him to make good their quarrel. With this train of thought passing through his mind, he reached the door of his inn, where he found Baldy and Hughoc standing together, anxiously wearying for his return. On observing him, Hughoc immediately ran for a light, and Baldy, with a familiarity which he rarely ever ventured upon, begged him to speak softly as he entered the house, and taking the light from the boy, conducted him to an upper room, which had been prepared for his reception.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Boy, thou art quick and trusty;  
Be withal close and silent ; and thy pains  
Shall meet a liberal addition.”

THE FANCIES CHASTE AND NOBLE.

WHEN Baldy had set the lights upon the table, instead of retiring he lingered in the room, seemingly in expectation of being questioned. But the mind of his master was so busy with conjectures about the stranger, that he was not in any humour for conversation. Baldy, however, had evidently something to communicate ; and after waiting a reasonable time, he began, of his own accord, to tell what had happened during the absence of Southenan at the palace.

“ Laird,” said he, “ it’s extraordinar’ what has come o’er Father Jerome this night ; he has surely a dreadfu’ heap o’ friends in this

town. How they came to ken that he was come, and that we were come, and that Knockwhinnie and his man had come wi' us, is a miracle to me! You hadna' left the house five minutes, at the very utmost, when a man that had aince been a friar, as by the length o' his beard was plainly to be seen, came inquiring for Father Jerome; and when I showed him in where the auld man was sitting, it was wonderfu' to hear the phrases of lang syne acquaintanceship that passed between them, and how they rejoiced that the Queen was such a beautiful Christian, hoping the end o' a' heresy was nigh at hand. As it wouldna' hae been discreet in me to hearken to their conversation, I left them to themselves, and went to the door; and when I went there, wha should I meet wi', but a kind o' an outlandish captain, of a stern visage, in his peremptors asking anent Knockwhinnie; and then came others and others. What can it be that has brought Father Jerome so far afield? For at the Place we a' thought he had but a light errand."

Southennan had attended only to the latter part of this speech; and though he said nothing,



he could not but agree that there was something mysterious in the chaplain's visit to Edinburgh at that particular period. He was the more persuaded of this, by the manner in which the old man had always evaded a direct answer, as often as he was spoken to on the subject. But the inquiry which had been made for Knockwhinnie interested him deeper: the description of the person who had inquired for the Outlaw, answered to that of the stranger whom he had met in the street; and he apprehended that the notoriety which already attached to his party, augured no good to Knockwhinnie, while it threatened trouble to himself; although he was unable to discern any cause from which it could arise, beyond the innocent circumstance of his having travelled in companionship with the Outlaw.

Not, however, choosing to make his servant a party to his thoughts, he said to Baldy, "It is natural that Father Jerome's old friends should be eager to see him, and that some of Knockwhinnie's acquaintance should also, if they heard he was in town, be of the same mind."

“Na,” replied Baldy, “that’s no’ the fair daylight of the concern. That Father Jerome has a purpose to perform, is as certain as any other true visibility: and that the stark and stern Johnnie-Armstrong-looking sodger officer had mair in his mind about Knockwhinnie than he said to me, is no’ a misdoubt. I wish the auld chaplain, doited body, was weel at hame, and that we had never forgathered wi’ the other!”

This opinion, so much in accordance with his own thoughts, awakened the attention of Southennan, and he looked sharply at Baldy, as he said,

“What do you know, or what have you heard, about either the one or the other? Tell me at once, and don’t summer and winter about it in that manner?”

“Weel, Laird, if ye’ll just hae patience I’ll tell you a’. Depend upon’t there’s some contrivance between Father Jerome and others o’ the auld true religion here in Embro’; and there’s some dule pactioned and covenanted against Knockwhinnie, puir man! It would be weel for him, or I’m mista’en, if he were again out o’

this nest of conspirators, and on the free moors o' the west."

Southennan was too well acquainted with the tedious roundabout ways of Baldy, to expect he would come earlier to a satisfactory explanation by increasing the impatience of his own tone; so, instead of sharpening it with more direct questions, he simply said,

"Whatever may be Father Jerome's business, it does not concern me; he is a worthy honest man, and I have no reason to fear scaith, either at his hands or those of any other; but I confess it would grieve me exceedingly, were any accident to befall Knockwhinnie, before I have learned more of his misfortunes; for he is a brave man, and has endured more than he has inflicted."

"There can be nae doubt o' that," said Baldy; "but it was a terrible thing to stab an honest man blindfolded, wha had never done him any wrang; and a' this at the instigation o' his ain sworn enemy."

It was plain from this that Baldy had learned something more about Knockwhinnie, and the



attempted assassination of Count Dufroy, than his master was yet acquainted with.

“Who was his enemy? and what know you of his unfortunate attack on the Count Dufroy?”

“If ye mean,” replied Baldy, “the truth o’ the matter I canna say its meikle; but it’s currently reported, for mair than ae person has spoken o’t in my presence, that it wasna’ the French Count that wranged Knockwhinnie, but the rampageous Laird o’ Auchenbrae, wha is the kinsman o’ the Shirra o’ Renfrew; and there’s nae want o’ tongues that can tell that the purpose which took Knockwhinnie out o’ his wilder howfs, was to wreak his vengeance on that wrongous offender. Indeed, I jalouse that by a somehow the outlandish man is nae other than that reprobate cousin to the Shirra.”

This seemed not unplaussible, as it accounted in some degree for that zeal and rigour of pursuit from which Knockwhinnie had so adroitly escaped on the moors of Renfrewshire.

“But have you heard, Baldy, what the wrong was which provoked Knockwhinnie to attempt the life of the French gentleman?”

“ I canna’ just say preceesely that I hae heard that ; but it was either or neither something about a lady o’ a light character. It’s terrible to think what a stramash thae kittle-cattle hae made in the world since the apple-stealing o’ grannie Eve.”

His master perceiving, by this remark, that the stock of Baldy’s news or facts was nearly exhausted, desired him to see if the house could supply him with supper. Before, however, Baldy could leave the room, Hughoc burst in, evidently in great consternation.

“ Oh ! Laird,” cried the boy, “ here’s an awfu’ thing ! Father Jerome has been sitting a’ the while wi’ three unco men ; and just as they were ganging awa’, the Provost’s halberdiers cam and took ane o’ them up for an ill-doer. But what he has done, and what they will do wi’ him, is a world’s wonder.”

Southennan, on hearing this, turned somewhat sternly towards Baldy, and said,

“ You suspected, Sir, that something not right was going on ; be explicit with me, and tell what you suspected ! Why was it that you, in a clan-

destine manner, as it were, lighted me up into this chamber? You knew that Father Jerome and his confederates were engaged in a business which I must consider, from what has now taken place, as at least equivocal." And turning to Hughoc, he added, "I think thou hast knavery enough from instinct to execute a sly errand; follow those men of the Provost, and when thou hast learned the cause of the arrest, come back and let me know."

Here Baldy, a little diffidently, said, "Though the callant is as gleg as a goshawk at hame in the country, I doubt, as he has na experience, he may want the sagacity to wend himself in safety through the crooked closses o' the town."

"Art thou afraid, boy, to do my bidding?" said Southennan, evidently angered by the interposition of Baldy.

Hughoc briskly replied, "By night or by day, Laird, by fire or by water, Laird, I'se warrant ye'll see I'll try to do what behoves me!"

With that he hastily left the room, and was sullenly followed by Baldy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"I would we were removed from this town, Anthony,  
That we might taste some quiet: for mine own part,  
I am almost melted with continual trotting  
After inquiries."

## THE CHANCES.

BALDY, on going down stairs, went into the kitchen, and, in rather a surly manner, directed the hostess to get ready something for his master's supper. Without inquiring what she had to give, he retired into the chamber where Father Jerome was sitting alone, a good deal disconcerted at the untoward dispersion of his friends.

It was soon obvious that a better understanding existed between the chaplain and the Laird's body servant, than was previously supposed by many, who thought they knew them both well. Baldy, unbidden, seated himself at the table on

which the old Priest was leaning, and without any particular preface, inquired what had happened.

“I doubt,” said Father Jerome, shaking his head, “the friends of our cause here are too sanguine. They boast of this man and of that; of the faithfulness of one lord, and of the wavering state of others, who have been most forward in the mutiny against the Church; but it is only of individual men that they speak. I fear, good Archibald, that the spirit of the times runs strong against us in the current of the people’s thoughts.”

“But what has caused the incoming o’ the Provost’s men, and the arrest o’——which was it they took?”

“Brother Michael, of Kilwinning, a zealous and fervent son of the Church; but lacking a little of that discretion which is needful, before either zeal or fervour can be turned to good account. What offence he may have committed was not explained; they took him as he sat where you are now sitting, and he himself, as if conscious that he was responsible to them, rose at

once, pale and much agitated, and submissively walked away."

"Hadna' your other friends," rejoined Baldy, "a guess o' the cause? It's really a hard thing that a man should be seized like a malefactor, without kenning for what, and a churchman too."

"Aye, my friend," replied the venerable chaplain thoughtfully, "times are changed with my brethren; but though the Provost's men said nothing, I could see that Friar Michael well knew the reason of his arrest."

"Then ye think," said Baldy, after a pause, "that ours is a gane cause; and that this coming o' the Queen is to be o' nae benefit to the soul's health o' puir Scotland."

The worthy ecclesiastic made no immediate reply; he sat in evident perplexity, and sighed deeply. When at last he did resume the conversation, it was in a tone of solemnity and regret.

"I am an old man," said he, "infirm of limb, and too heavy to move lightly in the troubles of this time; so I told you, Archibald,

when ye brought the message to me from the Master of Crossreguel, but I was willing to do my duty. I thought, however, that the men who were sent from the country to meet here on the Queen's arrival, were of another sort than the specimens I have seen this night. Alas, for our cause! it bodes ill to any undertaking, when those who are entrusted with it are moved by private interests, or by the impulses of passion. Of the seventeen brothers who have been with me already, there has not appeared one among them whom a wary and judicious man would trust with the wool of a dog; they can see nothing in the service which the Church requires of them, but extirpation and a sordid rescue of their revenues. I, therefore, greatly grieve, Archibald, to find our cause in such a plight. We have been traduced and slandered for the irregularities of our morals, but how are we ever to recover the good opinion of the world, if we seek only to regain the means that led us into temptation."

Baldy was not altogether prepared, notwithstanding his long acquaintance with the speaker,

for the moderation and charity of these sentiments, and he looked not a little surprised at the acknowledgment on the part of so good a man, that there was some truth in the alleged enormities of the clergy.

“Do ye then think,” said he, “that the evil cloud which has broken in sic a storm on kirk and cloister, is the fruit of a judgment and sentence?”

“I can never think, Archibald,” replied Father Jerome, with sedate emphasis; “that the Spirit of the Church is the cause of the evils which have come to pass.”

“It is, it is,” cried Hughoc, bursting in, almost out of breath; and who, seeing his master was not there, shut the door and ran up stairs.

“It is what?” cried Southennan, as the boy rushed into the room.

“It is himself,” replied the breathless boy; “its the gley’d gruesome man that came speering for Knockwhinnie. Gude preserve us from witches and warlocks, and a’ lang-nebbit things! to think a sodger officer, wi’ a gowden waistcoat and a sword by his side, was hidden in a



friar's cloak. Weel-I-wot, it's no the cloak that maks the friar, nor the sword that proves the sodger ! It's Friar Michael o' Kilwinning, the pawkie deevil ! he just came whisking in before you, master, and 'Baldy shoved him into the room where Father Jerome and the other twa shavelings hae been cawing like rooks a' the night. Baldy, the loon, I'm sure, kent him; but I saw nae mair o' him than if he had been the glint o' a flash o' lightning. Safe's master, this Embro's no an honest town !"

Southennan, who had not been altogether satisfied with the equivocal explanations of his man, was indignant at this intelligence, even while the dictates of his own confidence in the superior sanctity of the Roman faith, led him to view with indulgence any effort that the chaplain might make in that cause. But he suppressed the emotion with which he regarded the conduct of Baldy, and inquired of the boy what more he had learned concerning Friar Michael, and the cause of his arrest.

" Oh," replied Hughoc, " you couldna expect me to bide and hear the Provost's pater-

noster, when I saw wha it was he had gotten in his clutches; for Friar Michael is——I'll no say what; but if ye'll speer at my auntie Abigail, she'll gar the hair on your head stand on end wi' the stories o' his ne-plus-ultras wi' women and wine! He is a ——”

At this crisis the door opened with the hostess and her hand-maiden bringing in the supper, and Hughoc, patting the side of his nose with his right fore-finger, indicated that silence was in their presence expedient.

While the supper was in the process of being set out, Southennan, as if nothing particular had occurred, said, in a careless manner to the boy, “Have you seen nothing of Knockwhinnie, since I went to the palace?”

“That's a hard question,” replied Hughoc. “I hae seen him, Laird, if I can believe my eyne; but it was another man, if I can trust my understanding. For just as I was coming out o' the clerk's chamber, where the Provost sits in a muckle arm-chair for the benefit o' ill doers, I saw the glimpses o' Knockwhinnie's kindled eyne in the shadow o' the trance: but then the

body o' the man was that o' an auld carle drooping o'er his staff. A dreadfu' hoast he had; so that I couldna' bide till it was o'er, or I would hae spoken to him. What a place this Embro' is for guisarts and turncoats!"

This information thickened the cogitations of Southennan. "What a fool am I!" thought he to himself, "to be thus troubled about these vagabonds. I am now rid of them—I'll have nothing more to say to them—I have come here to enjoy myself, and to push my fortune at court; any connexion with such delinquents can only mar it."

And he turned to the hostess, sitting down at the same time to the table, and bade her bring him a stoup of wine.

"We hae Malvesey; we hae Rhenish; we hae Sherries; and if your honour would be pleased, I hae spice in the house, and can cook you a flaggon o' Hippocras," replied the hostess, with her hands daintily placed on her apron string, and giving a beck, a sort of curtsy stoccato, if short motions may be designated by terms descriptive of abrupt sounds.

Southennan preferred the Rhenish, on account of the sultriness of the evening, and the hostess speedily returned with a flask, wickered with bent, and set it before him with a tall green glass.

## CHAPTER XV.

---

“ A princess !

A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,  
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty !”

PERKIN WARBECK.

THE arrival of Mary in her ancient kingdom, was to all her people an auspicious event. Her known attachment to the Roman faith inspired the professors of that religion with new life. The Reformers, by the leading members of their order being in possession of the government, in almost all its departments and faculties, dreaded no overthrow ; but they knew that their adversaries were quickened in their enmity by the confidence which they reposed in the personal influence of the Queen, and in consequence were jealous and vigilant. In every thing there was spring and promise ; but the

buds and the blossoms were premature. It is, however, not required in our agreeable task to describe the blight which so early fell upon them: the events within the scope of our story are, in general, light and gay; and we have to speak of the ill-fated Mary when she was in the plenitude of her charms, and never seen without inspiring delight and admiration.

When we reflect that she was then in the bloom and buoyancy of only eighteen, history, in treating of her early reign, seems not only ungracious but morose. She was still too young to have learned the devices of guilt, and her fame was untainted with the breath of any slander. Her talents were superior, and felt to be such, beyond even the adulation that is offered to royalty; her manners were as fascinating as the loveliness of her person; and when imagination paints her amidst the stern elders and probationers of Presbytery, it seems doubtful, while the light of her beauty brightens their dark and rugged countenances, whether the complacency with which they regard her, arises from contemplating the gracefulness of her de-

portment, or from the intelligence of an eloquence, wonderful in one so young. In the glorious Aurora of womanhood, it is astonishing that any pen was found iron enough in the hand of man, even in that rude age, to impute to her those faults and sins which are only found connected with luxurious maturity long matriculated in the records of public shame.

But even in that fair dawn of her stormy day, the demon of her fate was ever by her side. The elegant endowments which were bestowed to command the hearts of the world, were, to poor Mary, the most baneful gifts; that which was splendour, when seen from a distance, was felt to be flame within the sphere of her domestic influence.

We have already adverted to the daring admiration of the accomplished Chatelard: in describing the hopeless passion of the gentle Adelaide for him, we must relate the affecting consequences of his attachment to Mary—the most romantic incident in the history of queens.

Adelaide, after quitting the presence of the Queen as already mentioned, hastened to her

chamber. She could not but acknowledge to herself the superior graces of her royal mistress, she could not condemn Chatelard for preferring such superiority to her own meeker charms, and she felt, with a pang unspeakable, how easy it was for the Queen to plunge her irrevocably in the depths of sorrow and despair.

That evening was the first in which Chatelard, with his pathetic lute, was permitted to entertain the privacy of the Queen. It is true, that in the voyage from France he had frequently been called to the exercise of his exquisite taste and skill; but then it was on the open deck, and when Mary was surrounded by the nobles and courtiers that accompanied her in the voyage. To command the attendance of Chatelard on the very first night of their arrival, and when access was denied to all the court, save only to the ladies in immediate attendance, appeared to the dejected Adelaide as ominous of the death of her feeble hope. She wept with despondency, and repined that ever she was placed as a foil, for so she modestly deemed herself, beside the incomparable Mary.



The same unpremeditated incident, which fell like a snow-flake, cold and softly on her gentle heart, kindled in the breast of the aspiring Chatelard, an ardour as bold as his presumptuous love. He flattered himself that in the condescension with which he had been treated, Mary sought his presence for some fonder purpose than the melody of his delicious airs, and he interpreted the pensive langour which the music produced, to the influence of a secret and dearer spell. But with all the boundless rapture in which his ambitious imagination expatiated in that moment, he was aware of the dangerous brink on which he stood. He had heard too much of the irascible temper of the Scottish nation, how rivetted they were in their purposes, how proud in their characters, and how jealous of their national honour, to hope that the Queen would ever bestow on him her hand. This was discarded as an impossible imagination. But the warmth and impetuosity of his passion, suggested anticipations of an intercourse, that would insure to him the power and the enjoyment of a king. Still, notwithstanding



ing the bold phantasy of his ill-measured attachment, a fear of the obstacles which the haughty nobility and a rigid people would oppose to the consummation of his wishes, taught him that it was necessary to be cautious in expressing the enthusiasm which lifted him in hope so far above the lowly level of his birth.

Chatelard had not been, during the voyage, an unobservant spectator of the timid and maidenly glances with which Adelaide had sometimes regarded him. His vanity was at no loss to interpret their import; but it was a cruel and a heartless resolution, to determine that night to make the modest love of so mild and gracious a creature, an instrument to further the daring schemes of his own audacious passion.

It would be unjust to the discernment of the Queen, to conceal that she had noticed the unconscious workings of his fond presumption, but they gave her no disturbance. Her dignity, she conceived, raised her beyond the reach of his aspirations, and with a playfulness becoming her temper and her years, she resolved to punish, whilst she trifled with his imprudence. She

saw, that in inviting him that evening into her presence she had exposed herself to the tattle and gossip of the Court, and she had something like a suspicion, that in preferring his music to that of the Scottish minstrels, she had, perhaps, offended the pride of some of them; and the resolution which followed these her reflections, was, alas ! one of her earliest errors. She saw not, that in resolving to change her deportment towards him into cold and retired dignity, she would tacitly convey to him that she had discovered his sentiments, and thus encourage him to persevere by saving him from the hazardous adventure of any declaration.

Such was the state of those bosoms within the walls of Holyrood-House, in the tranquillity of which we are most interested. It will be seen that there was sufficient cause among them, to raise fearful apprehensions as to the honour and happiness of the different parties. Nor can the sympathy of the reader be withheld from the innocent feminine resolution of the Queen. It was justified, if the expression may be allowed, by the simplicity of youth; and, moreover, she

was altogether unacquainted with the remorseless determination of Chatelard, to affect a passion for Adelaide, to mask the insolence of his arrogant affection for herself.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ His easy vacant face, proclaimed a heart.”

CHURCHILL.

KNOCKWHINNIE, from the time he parted with Southennan, had not been idle. After giving Stayns his horse, he went to the Unicorn, a tavern in the then fashionable Canon-gate, kept by one Thomas Balwham.

This tavern was much frequented by the courtiers and persons of note, who had occasion to visit Edinburgh. At this particular time it was the resort of the French gentlemen who came over with the Queen; and the object of Knockwhinnie, in going there, was to obtain what information he could respecting Dufroy.

On entering the house he went straight to the host's private apartment, for he had known him in other times, and no sooner did Balwham see him, than he exclaimed,

“ Eh ! Knockwhinnie, where hae ye been this mony a-day. Oh ! but I’m blythe to see you ; and nae doubt ye hae heard the news, or ye wouldna’ been so venturesome as to come in fair day-light to Embro.”

Knockwhinnie shook his old familiar host warmly by the hand, without speaking. He then sat down in an obscure corner of the room, and appeared a good deal affected by recollections which seemed suddenly to break upon him. Balwham, seeing his emotion, resumed—

“ It’s nae marvel, Knockwhinnie, that the news troubles you, for although as unfortunate mischances hae fallen out o’ as gude hands, it would ha’e been an awfu’ thing had ye slain the French gentleman, instead o’ that ringen deevil Montgomery o’ Auchenbrae.”

“ What do ye mean ? ” exclaimed Knockwhinnie, starting in consternation from his seat, “ of what news do you speak ?—why of Auchenbrae ?—to what do you allude ?—and what mistake was there in the vengeance I would have inflicted on Dufroy ? ”

“ It’s no possible,” replied his host, “ that

ye canna' hae heard the tidings that hae come wi' the gentlemen in the Queen's train. You, that the truth o' them maist concerns ! ”

“ I have heard nothing,” replied the Outlaw, gloomily returning into his seat; “ I am but just come in. I have been for some weeks living a solitary and a savage life in the moors of the West. What is it you have heard? I beseech you to sit down, and calmly tell me, and I will endeavour to control the feelings which your strange words have inflamed.”

Balwham was surprised at hearing this; and, taking a chair near to Knockwhinnie, said,

“ Hech ! but ye ha'e suffered a great deal since ye were put to the horn, but I hope it's a' o'er now, especially as the Count looks weel and brawly. And then he has been sic a father to your daughter, as I hae heard some o' the gentlemen, that's now in the house, this very day tell :—they say he has 'dopted her for his own, and that she gangs by his name, and that nae Christian man could, for tenderness, be a truer parent.”

In all this there was so much strange matter,

that Knockwhinnie sat in a state of confusion, as if he had been stunned by a blow. Dufroy had adopted his daughter, his attack on the Count's life was in error, the profligate Auch-enbrae was the one who deserved the dagger!—these thoughts passed wildly through his mind. Unable to collect himself sufficiently to ask for an explanation, he sat with his countenance pale and vacant, and his eyes almost void of speculation, while the garrulous host continued :

“ And it maun be sic a gratification to you to see the young leddy, whom every body says is a perfect pearlet o’ beauty, and had she been a princess, would hae been as bonny as the Queen hersel’. She is by a’ accounts mair a minion wi’ the Queen’s Majesty, than her wee curly white dog; a wonderfu’ creature, the likes o’ which was ne’er seen in the bounds o’ Scottish land, till the Queen stept out the boat wi’t in her ain royal arms. Sic a love and pet, they say——”

Knockwhinnie impatiently interrupted him, and said, “ For Heaven’s sake, Balwham, be merciful, and have more method. Tell me



what you have heard that concerns me. All the world seems to know that which I am most interested in knowing, and cannot learn!"

"'Deed, Knockwhinnie," replied his host, "ye're really in an unco condition o' ignorance. Hae ye no heard that your leddy died in a convent in Caen, in Normandy?"

"No."

"Hae ye no heard that the Count has since been a father to your daughter?"

"You have said so."

"Ha'e ye no heard that the Count is your compassionate friend?"

"Tell me how—tell me how!"

"Now, Knockwhinnie, if ye'll no hear me patiently, I'll ne'er be able to make you understand the rights o' the case."

"What is said of Auchenbrae, how comes his tarnished name to be mixed with my misfortunes?"

"Ye ken they say that it was wi' him your leddy spouse jumped the castle wall, and was galloping off ahint him; when by an accident the Count, wi' the politesse o' a French cava-

lier, came up in the moonlight, and rescued her out o' his clutches; but before your servants that were in the pursuit reached the spot, Auchenbrae was aff and out o' sight; and so they thought the Count was the malefactor. That 's ae version o' the tale, which a' the tongues o' the town, that hae any time to spare frae speaking o' the Queen's Majesty, are this night telling."

"Who can prove the truth of this story?" exclaimed the Outlaw, starting from his seat:

"Bide a-wee—bide a-wee!" said Balwham; "dinna ye think, Knockwhinnie, that the Count himsel' is the probable man rightly to tell you the story?"

At this crisis a noise and bustle was heard in the house, and the honest host was loudly called for by name. It was occasioned by the Provost's halberdiers coming in search of Knockwhinnie, against whom they had a warrant. It happened that in going out to see the occasion of the noise, Balwham left the door open, by which Knockwhinnie heard his name repeated, and in consequence leaped out of the window

and concealed himself in an out-house. His host, desirous to befriend him, and yet being responsible to the magistrates for his own conduct, was perplexed when he heard the purpose upon which the halberdiers had come. He, however, affecting not to understand whom it was they were in search of, spoke louder than was necessary, in order that Knockwhinnie might be apprised of his danger; and when he heard the rustle of his escape by the window, knowing by it that the bird was flown, he confidently assured the officers that the Outlaw was not in the house. Upon this one of the halberdiers remarked to his companions, that his information they would still find was right, and that it would have been as well had they taken his advice, and gone straight to Widow Hutchie's, where Southennan had put up; for the man with the embroidered vest beneath a friar's cloak, who was hanging about the door of that house, was assuredly no other than Knockwhinnie.

Balwham told them that they were, as re-

spected that man, in error, for he knew him very well.

“He has been,” said he, “in this house a’ the afternoon, and is a friar belonging to the abbacy of Kilwinning, wha came in this morning frae the west, to meet some ither shavelings about their idols and their trumpery;” for the Maister Balwham was of the new light of the Reformation, especially when he had occasion to speak with the armed servants of that great pillar of the Protestant cause, Provost Maccalzean. “And I can tell you,” added the host, “that maybe he’s a tod worth the hunting; for he’s nae other than Auchenbrae, the rampageous laird that used to keep the shire o’ Renfrew in het water frae Yule to Yule, and is the even down adversary o’ puir Knockwhinnie, because he has done that afflicted man an injury that canna’ be repaired.”

“Auchenbrae!” exclaimed one of the halberdiers: “that’s the other honourable Outlaw that we’re to take up, *in vindictam publicam*.”

“Hech, man Johnnie,” cried our worthy

friend, Vintner Balwham, "but ye hae become learned in the law."

"It's a duty incumbent," replied Johnnie, "for a provost's halberdier to know something: I have ta'en the oath to be *fidly in offeeshy*."

"Whar' did ye learn that fishy? Was't frae Maggy Scate o' Fisheraw, or Jenny Partans o' Prestonpans, or Peggy Cockles o' Musselburgh?"

"Nane o' your blethers, Maister Balwham! It would be mair to the purpose, since we haena' found a dishonester man than the host o' the Unicorn, yoursel', in the house, that ye should be mulcted a tass o' Lodovie."

The Maister Balwham, glad to get rid of them on these conditions, summoned his handmaid, Dorothea, with the gardevine, to serve the solacium.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ Give me a case to put my visage in,  
A visor for a visor ; what care I  
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

As soon as Knockwhinnie heard the Unicorn again quiet, he left his hiding-place and went back into the house, where having learned from Balwham what had taken place with the Provost's men, and that they had gone in quest of Auchenbrae he expressed great impatience to follow them ; but his host strongly dissuaded him from attempting it.

“ First learn,” said he, “ if the news be true that the French gallants and others were rehearsing here anent your auld adversary as ye supposed him, the Count ; for, until some remeid o' law is gotten upon it, ye may be brought to

trouble, if ye happen to be ta'en up for the auld affair."

Knockwhinnie thought there was good reason in this; but he was wilful, and had so long led a life regardless of the wonted customs of society, that, while he admitted the justness of Balwham's observations, he only thought of evading his advice, and accordingly replied—

"What you say deserves attention; but it too deeply concerns, not only my interests but my peace of mind, to ascertain as quickly as possible the exact circumstances in which I am now placed: in short, Balwham, I must claim your help in this matter. There were occasions in other times, when for mere pranks and ploys, you could find the means of maskings; can you not lend or borrow for me some of those old disguises that you were wont to supply in the plays before Lent? I remember that you had the garb of an old carle with a long beard: is it still forthcoming?"

"Ah! Knockwhinnie, yon days o' pranks and ploys are a' reformed awa'! Instead o' maskings and mummings, we maun now tune our



pipes to psalms and springs o' worship. But now that I think on't, the garb for Elijah in the Desert; which is the one ye speak o' is in the press; and if it's no eaten into remnants by the moths, ye shall ha'e it, and the beard likewise."

The host accordingly opened the wardrobe, and beneath a plentiful assortment of blankets and napery, the prophet's gown and beard were found, in very tolerable condition.

"Ah!" said the host, as he assisted Knockwhinnie to put them on, "we'll ne'er see sic days and nights o' jollity again. This Reformation, as it's called, is a dreadful dauntner to mirth and gude custom. I weel recollect that the last man wha wore this gown was the auld Yerl o' Mar! A cantie bodie it was, for though he was then weel wan through three score and ten, he was yet a birkie sparrow; and put on this dress, to scog him in some killfuddoching that he had wi' Madame La Mode, the old Queen's millinder, a cockletopt French ledly, that was soon after sent out o' the kingdom, by order o' the Queen Regent, for ——"

"Make haste," interrupted Knockwhinnie;



“make haste!” and his toilet being made, Balwham surveyed him for a moment at some little distance, saying, “They’ll hae clear eyne and bent brows that can discover the stout Laird o’ Knockwhinnie in thae garments o’ eild. But ye maun stoop your head, and take a sore hoast; for there ne’er was either anchorite or prophet wi’ sic square shouthers, and sae stalwart a mien.”

Being thus disguised, the Outlaw proceeded after the Provost’s men to Widow Hutchie’s; but before he reached the door, he met them coming from it, with Friar Michael, alias Auchenbrae, in custody, followed by a crowd. He could not, however, with all the artifice of his disguise, entirely conceal himself; for the boy Hughoc, as already related, discovered him. But he was not detected by any other, and passed on with the crowd after the prisoner, into the council-chamber.

The Provost was seated, as befitted his dignity, at the head of the council-table, with the bailies and counsellors around it; for although it was now a late hour, yet such was the riotous state

of the city, on account of the people flocking in from all parts of the country to greet the Queen's Majesty, and many of them not of the best of characters, it was necessary that all in authority should be vigilant and at their posts.

When the halberdiers presented Auchenbrae to his Lordship, one of the Bailies said in a whisper to his neighbour, glancing at the prisoner, "Isna' he a dure-looking sinner?"

The learned Johnnie Gaff, in the mean time, handing the warrant to the Provost, said—

"Nae doubt, my Lord, your Lordship kens that the first thing ye hae to do in the precognition, is to speer *in presentia dominorum*, if the pannel has a *person standing judeeshy*?"

"Johnnie!" said the Provost, looking at him with proper magisterial solemnity, and adding, with a dignified inflexion of voice, "I know my duty!" And, turning to the prisoner, he said, "Hugh Montgomerie, of Auchenbrae, what is your name?"

"I think," replied the delinquent, "your Lordship has no need to ask that question."

“He confesses to the fact,” said the Lord Dean of Guild.

“Yes,” observed the Provost, and, looking towards the clerk, dictated—“Hugh Montgomerie, of Auchenbrae, being convened before us, declares that he is Hugh Montgomerie, of Auchenbrae.”

“I beg your Lordship’s pardon,” interposed the accused; “I have made no such declaration.”

“Hold your peace,” exclaimed one of the Bailies, “and don’t interrupt the procedure!”

“Clerk, have ye written down what I told you?” said the Provost; and, addressing himself to the prisoner, inquired, “Hugh Montgomerie, of Auchenbrae, have not you been guilty of haimsucken?”

“Oh!” cried Johnnie Gaff, “my Lord, ye hae forgotten to caution the pannel no’ to say anything that ’ll hurt himself; for it’s laid down in the law, that every man is bound to be innocent, for his own sake, until he be found guilty.”

“Clerk,” said one of the counsellors across the table, “is that really the law?”

"I canna' speak positively," replied the Clerk; "but I rather think that it is the new law. At least, I hae heard the like used in pleadings afore the Lords."

"Well, but we must stick to the matter in hand," said the Provost. "Clerk, write down declares——what did ye declare, prisoner?"

"Declare! nothing," replied Auchinbrae.

"Don't be contumacious," said one of the Bailies, advisingly.

"When did this take place?" inquired the Provost.

"What?" rejoined the prisoner.

"He's dure, indeed," said the Bailie who first remarked his ungainly countenance.

"I'm thinking, my Lord," interposed Johnnie Gaff, "that the proceedings, *quoties toties*, should be *quam primum*, that is, as soon as possible"—

"Be silent, sir!" said the Provost.

At this moment the whole Council, who had been somewhat astonished at the Latin and loquacity of Johnnie Gaff, and his compeers being no less so, looked marvelling at one another, while Auchinbrae nimbly leaped from between

the officers, and made his escape by the door, which, on account of the warmth of the weather, had been left open.

“Stop him! stop him!” cried provost, bailies, counsellors, clerk, and officers, all at once.

“He’s a most audacious varlet!” cried the Provost, while the officers hurried in pursuit.

“Johnnie Gaff! Johnnie Gaff!” cried the physiognomical Bailie; “hadna’ ye better take a fugæ warrant wi’ you?”

Johnnie turned round, and, with a look of ineffable contempt at the ignorance of the magistrate, in talking of a fugæ warrant on such an occasion, exclaimed, “There’s nae warrant wanted but a gude pair o’ heels and hands!” and then stately strode out at the door, saying to himself, but loud enough to be heard by all present, “Hech, sirs! it’s a fine time when bailies hae gotten Latin tongues!”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ I’ll bless that hand  
 Whose honourable pity seals the passport  
 For my incessant turmoils to their rest.”

THE LADY’S TRIAL.

SOUTHERNAN had, in the meantime, been so interested by the news that Hughoe had brought of the disguise in which he had detected Knock-whinnie, that he could not repress his anxiety to learn what had happened to him. Accordingly, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, before he had half finished supper, he rose from table, and ordered the boy to show him the way to the council-chamber in the Tolbooth where the magistrates were sitting. But he had not occasion to proceed far: scarcely had he left the door, when the Outlaw in the prophet’s garb made his

appearance. Southennan would have passed him without notice but for the boy, who at once recognised him.

“Well met!” exclaimed Knockwhinnie, in a hollow, undertoned, agitated voice; “I have been in quest of you.”

Southennan immediately turned round to go back into the house with him; but the Outlaw laid his hand upon his arm, and said, “Not there; let us rather walk. I am not safe in any house. It is known I am in the town; warrants are out against me; I am hunted every where. Merciful Heaven! spare me but until I shall have executed thy justice!”

Southennan waved with his hand to the boy to leave them, and go home to bed; but Hughoc had heard as much, in these few words, as an ordinary dose of mandragora could not have lulled; and, prompted by curiosity to hear more, he followed them with stealthy steps in the shadow of the houses, heedless of the consequences he might incur by so attempting to play the eves-dropper on his master.

“What has befallen you, Knockwhinnie?” said the young Laird, as they moved from Widow Hutchie’s door; “What has so shaken you?”

The Outlaw, with considerable emotion, related what the host of the Unicorn had told him, and how he had, in consequence, been incited to disguise himself, and to follow Auchenbrae to the presence of the magistrates; “where,” said he, “I discovered, amongst the halberdiers, an old servant of my own, who was in the house of Knockwhinnie when it was dishonoured; a trustworthy fellow, though fantastically affecting law and learning. If he discover me, he may perhaps shut his eyes; but I doubt if his integrity will allow him to have so much compassion. He was one of those who saw my wife with Dufroy; or, as Balwham has it, who found her with him after Auchenbrae had escaped.”

Southennan remained for sometime thoughtful, and then said, “Surely, now you will suspend the execution of your purpose against Dufroy, until the truth of Balwham’s story is ascertained.”



“To-morrow,” replied the Outlaw, with feeling, “to-morrow my fate must be decided: I cannot longer live in this continual whirlwind.”

“But your misfortune has taken a new form. It seems doubtful if the Count is the seducer; it is even doubtful, I think, if your lady may have been guilty.”

“Say not so, say not so!” cried the unhappy Knockwhinnie: “tell me not that I have been so rash as to use my dagger without just cause; so inhuman as to abandon my beloved Margaret, and she innocent!”

“At least,” resumed Southennan, “you cannot but pause. I will in the morning see Dufroy; I will give myself up to the investigation of this strange business. In the meantime conceal yourself. If Dufroy is guiltless of the ruin you ascribe to him, I know he is so noble-minded and so worthy a gentleman, that but little persuasion will be wanted to induce him to stay the warrants out against you; and then you will have freedom to sift the truth.”

“She was too gentle and too pure,” exclaimed Knockwhinnie, “ever to have been won

by such a tavern royster as Auchenbrae. I shall want no other proof of her innocence, than that she was rescued from him. But why came she not to me? Why did she so shun me, and give my child to Dufroy?"

"Have you not already told me," replied the young Laird, calmly, "that, on first hearing the news of your lady having fled with Dufroy, you instantly started from Paris, and suffered no hindrance in your haste until you had wreaked your vengeance, as you supposed, here in Edinburgh on him. Since that time, until the rumour rose of the Queen's intended return, you have lived the wild life of a fugitive. It is time, Knockwhinnie! that you should bridle your impetuosity, and before again taking council of revenge, know what has been the wrong, and who is the offender.

"You would almost persuade me that I am the guiltiest—"

"Not so: I would but urge you to be surer in your cause before you strike again. Those Frenchmen, from whom Balwham has drawn his information, doubtless know something of

the truth: I will see them before going to the court. Moreover, Auchenbrae could not be alone in the abduction of your lady; some servant or companion he undoubtedly had, by whose testimony her fame may be vindicated."

"Alas!" replied Knockwhinnie, "she is dead! What will her vindication now avail; the world's pity and her husband's love cannot affect her more?" and he suddenly burst into tears.

At this moment a noise of tumult and hallooing was heard approaching, and they turned into a dark wynd to avoid the crowd, while Hughoc, who was close behind unseen, ran up the steps of an outside stair for the same purpose. Southennan and his companion were, however, obliged to return from their retreat, in consequence of the inhabitants coming out of their houses with candles and croozies to see the occasion of the uproar, and they took refuge within the staircase which the boy had ascended, thus affording him an opportunity of being gratified to the full extent of the desire which had prompted him to follow them.

“ I shall not be surprised,” said Knockwhinnie, “ if this mob is with the Provost’s men who went in pursuit of Auchenbrae. If so, I will go with them.”

“ Be not so wilful,” replied Southennan : “ if they have taken him, he now will be kept in safe custody till the morning ; and you have many questions that must be answered before you can demand atonement from Auchenbrae, supposing Balwham’s information correct.”

“ My long estrangement from the restraints and usages of society,” said the Outlaw, with a sigh, “ have made me too apt to obey the impulse of the moment. I shall submit to your advice. In one so young I have seldom met with so much discretion.”

By this time the crowd was passing the foot of the stair, and by the numerous lights in the open windows, it proved, as Knockwhinnie expected, that the tumult was occasioned by the halberdiers having seized Auchenbrae, whom they were conducting back to the Tolbooth.

“ It is him ! ” said Knockwhinnie, as they passed, and Hughoc, forgetting himself and his

concealment, stooped his head close down to his master's ear, and subjoined,

“ It's Friar Michael, o' Kilwinning.”

Southennan turned round upon the boy, astonished at finding him there, but Hughoc soon extricated himself by saying, in consequence of what he had overheard,

“ Werena' ye wishing to hear, Laird, where some o' Auchenbrae's rampageous men or friends could be heard o'?”

“ What do you know of them?” interposed Knockwhinnie, somewhat severely.

“ Oh, naething,” replied the boy; “ but only if the Laird be minded to see ony o' them, I, maybe, could gie a guess where some were to be found.”

“ How came you,” cried Southennan, angrily, “ to know whether I had any such wish?”

“ Just by an instinct, and because every body in Widow Hutchie's, has gotten an unco tale about Auchenbrae and Knockwhinnie.”

“ And where may this follower of Auchenbrae be met with?”

“ He was reested,” replied Hughoc, “ when

ye were down looking at the Queen, in the Abbey, and carried awa' to the Ward House in the Canongate, there to be riddled and sifted anent a transgression."

"Then is he, I doubt not," said Southennan, addressing himself to Knockwhinnie as they descended from where they were standing, into the street,—“arrested on account of something connected with your business; but the night is far spent, and we can do nothing before the morning. In the meantime, I can only repeat, keep yourself out of sight until we have learned something that may be trusted. I shall not ask you to come with me; the boy, however, will remain with you till you have found an asylum for the night, when he will return to let me know where I shall find you in the morning."

## CHAPTER XIX.

“ Hark! the game is roused!”

CYMBELINE.

AUCHENBRAE had been arrested on a warrant for the crime of haimsucken, committed on the person of Kinlochie in his own house. When he found, after scouring the moors of Renfrewshire, that Knockwhinnie had been there during the rain, as we have described, and was allowed to depart unmolested, sharp words arose between them, a quarrel ensued, in which Kinlochie was wounded, and he being a resolute character followed him to Edinburgh for satisfaction, and was the cause of his arrest. There had, indeed, been an old grudge between them; for Auchenbrae, presuming on the Sheriff being his kinsman, held in little respect the rights

of his neighbours, whilst in the pursuit of his own profligate courses.

During the re-examination of Auchenbrae, when he was again brought before the magistrates, touching this alleged offence, several questions were put to him, which, in contempt of consequences, he had the hardihood to answer to his own crimination. He confessed the fact of the wound he had given, but refused to explain the motives by which he had been actuated, acknowledging, however, that it was at his instance the Sheriff's men had been sent out in quest of Knockwhinnie, whom he was resolved to bring to punishment.

When questioned as to the particular reasons which at that time moved him to proceed with such rigour against the Outlaw, he doggedly declined to reply. The magistrates, however deficient in the formalities of juridical procedure, were yet, in the plain substantial business of justice and investigation, shrewd and intelligent, and would not endure this contumacy. A controversy, in consequence, arose, which, though irrelevant to the offence with which the prisoner



was charged, tended to the ends of justice; for the story of Knockwhinnie's attempt on the life of Dufroy was brought to mind, by which it appeared that Auchenbrae had in some measure been concerned in it.

Johnnie Gaff, who was a deeply-interested spectator of these irregular discussions, on hearing this, interposed, and requested that he might be examined as to what he knew of that affair, and was accordingly permitted to declare—

“*Nitialibuz*,” said Johnnie, “that’s in the first place, *primo loco*, I, John Gaff, umquhile a servitor in the ha’ of Knockwhinnie, and now a messenger-at-arms, and in the train o’ my Lord Provost o’ the Burgh of Embro’, hae been cog-neezant”——

“Stop!” cried the Provost; “we havena’ time to be particular anent the niceties o’ law; just tell us the right truth, and we’ll dispense for this sederunt with the use of Latin words.”

Johnnie, not altogether pleased at being so interrupted in the display of his legal knowledge and erudition, then related with a commendable brevity, partly arising from the ill humour of

the moment, the flight, as he called it, of the Lady Knockwhinnie.

“She was sitting by hersel’,” said he, “at her bower window, looking out at the moon, or counting the stars, when her waiting-woman, Jenny Tawpie, saw twa men on horseback passing under the window. Jenny was at the time on the leads o’ the castle; and, being on the leads, she lookit down like a doo wi’ the tail o’ her e’e, and speered what they wanted; and ane o’ them, she said, answered her wi’ the voice o’ Auchenbrae, that she had kent o’ the auld for nae gude. Weel, down she cam’ rinnin’, and alarmed us, the men that were sitting at the ha’ fire; and we rose, and girded on our swords, and went out to see wha it was, and what they wanted. But afore we could get the castle yett opened, and the draw-brigg down, the ne’er-do-weels, be they wha they may, had gotten the leddy out o’ the window, and were aff and awa’ wi’ her in the grips o’ ane o’ them. I trow it was then fye-gae-rin and fye-gae-ride wi’ us a’. We did na’ wait to saddle or bridle, but just wi’ the halter we mounted, and rade after; but they had

sae far the heels o' us, that we didna come up wi' them till we had crossed the ford, where we found our leddy lying on the grass, and the Count Dufroy pitifully bending o'er her, his man and twa horses standing beside them: which made it plain and manifest that it wasna' Auchenbrae, but the Frenchman, that had won her by his parleyvoos. That, ye see, was the why and the wherefore that my past maister, Knockwhinnie, gied the Count a bit deg in the side: every honest man wha heard the tale was sorrowfu' that it wasna' effectkwal."

"What say you to this, Auchenbrae?" said the Provost.

"Just that I am sorrowful, too," was the reply.

"What for are ye sorrowful?" inquired one of the Counsellors who was nearest to him.

"Look at my haffit!" cried the prisoner, impatiently.

"The Gude preserve us!" cried the Counsellor, glancing at it; "as sure's death, it's as plain as my loof: his lug's awa'!"

“Yes, he struck it off with his sword, in tearing the lady from my arms.”

“Oh!” cried the whole of the Magistrates and Counsellors, raising their hands, “it’s you then that was the guilty man;” and subjoined Johnnie Gaff, “our Jenny Tawpie was right after a’, and it was Auchenbrae that the leddy ran awa’ wi’!”

Here the Provost, after consulting the Dean of Guild, proposed to adjourn until next morning.

“This business,” said he, “thickens, and must be thinned. We’ll send this very night a request to the Count Dufroy in the palace, to come to us in the morning, that we may sift the business to the sediment. Johnnie Gaff, you and your neighbours be answerable with the prisoner, by seven o’clock in the morning. But, gentlemen, this discovery, anent the wanton Lady Knockwhinnie, that we have with so much inquisition made this night, is a great thing; for no doubt the French Count will relent, and recall the warrant that’s out at his instance. As

for you, Auchenbrae, it is well known that you are both by habit and repute little better than a malefactor, and you had better look to what Knockwhinnie will say when he hears that it was you who did him the wrong."

Auchenbrae, who had, during the whole process, treated the magistrates and council with scorn and derision, burst into the most outrageous passion when Johnnie Gaff said to the Provost,

"Dinna ye think, my Lord, he would be the better o' a bit iron round his coots and shacklebanes, and then he'll no be in *periculum*; the deepest den o' *squalor carceris* is o'er gude for the thief o' Knockwhinnie's bonnie blameless leddy. Hech, hech! she maun be fond o' a bird that would tak' for her pet a corbie!"

"Put him up in the traitor's hole," said the Provost; "and as he has once already slipped through your fingers, you may as well shorten his step and stint his stroke in any advisable manner."

The officers accordingly removed the prisoner, and the Provost rising, said to the clerk,

“Enter the adjournment; and now that I think o’t,” continued he, addressing the magistrates, “I hope our friends, amang the trades, are no’ slack in getting our vestments ready for the ploy, wherein we are to do our ceremonies to the Queen’s Majesty. Bailie,” said he, turning to the one on his right hand, “I trust your lad found velvet enough in the town for our mantles and doublets, and that your needle-men will be industrious, that we may not be disappointed: but this is dry work, and I see as ye’re all exhoust, we’ll be none the worse, before we go to our several places of abode, of a preeing of sack or hippocras, and so I thought sometime ago, and sent Allister, the town-crier, to tell our old friend furthy Lucky Bickers to have a rizard haddie and a stoup of the right liquor ready for us about this time.”

All the bailies and council highly applauded this forethought of the provost, and adjourned with him to the house of the worthy hostess, where, after occasions of nocturnal deliberation, they were wont to find solace.

## CHAPTER XX.

“ I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections.”

CYMBELINE.

DEEPLY as Southennan felt for the misfortunes and perplexities of Knockwhinnie, they did not so entirely engross his mind, as to prevent him from thinking of the delightful vision he had seen gliding across the gallery of the palace. When he returned to his lodgings, and had retired to his chamber for the night, it came upon his remembrance with renewed brightness; but not with such intensity as to dazzle away the solicitous sleep, whose soft influence was rendered irresistible by his day's hard journey, and the busy variety of incidents in which he had subsequently been engaged. But, nevertheless, it had the effect of making

her spell of shorter duration than usual, and he rose at an early hour full of the recollection, and proceeded to the palace in quest of Dufroy, according to the promise he had given to Knockwhinnie.

The morning, even for the season, was beautiful. It was one of those soft hazy mornings which are only met with in the vallies of mountainous regions. The top of Arthur's Seat was covered with a cowl of mist, and a hoary wreath of similar vapour hung round the rocks of the castle, and gave to the towers and battlements the magical appearance of floating on a cloud. The sun, through the smoke of the eastern part of the city, shone like a golden orb; and although within the narrow streets and wynds through which Southennan picked his way, there were other airs and sounds than those which freshen and enliven the early day in rural scenes and sylvan solitudes, yet all around was cheerful and exhilarating. The housemaids, as they unclosed their windows, smiled to see the promise in the skies; the children were jocund and bounding; and the cadgers and



country lads, bringing their wares to market, whistled gaily as they passed along. An old widow, who kept a little fruit and gingerbread stall near a private gate in the wall which in those days enclosed the palace, appeared dressed in her holiday clothes, patched but neat. As Southennan approached the gate, she was spreading her table for the exhibition of her merchandize, with a dornick table-cloth, bright and fresh from the fold, and congratulated the young Laird on the beauty of the morning, as he went through the gate, hoping that blither times and more courtly festivals were come again, and she told him, as news of good augury for her own vocation, that the city trades and bodies intended to entertain the Queen, for a welcome home, with pageantries and other shows, such as had not been seen in all Scotland since before the royal raid to Flodden Field.

On inquiring for the Count Dufroy, Southennan was disconcerted at being informed he was already abroad; that he had gone up to the council-chamber of the city, in consequence of a summons which had been received from the

magistrates during the night, and that he was not expected to return for some considerable time, having left notice to that effect.

Somewhat chagrined at this disappointment, he was about to return to his hostel, where he expected his boy would be with information regarding the place of Knockwhinnie's concealment, when in retiring from the portal he met Chatelard. The Frenchman, exulting in the infatuated hopes which he indulged, received him with more than his wonted characteristic buoyancy, nor was Southennan less happy at their meeting, as it afforded him an opportunity of inquiring respecting the fair unknown, in whom he had become so suddenly and tenderly interested.

After the customary salutations of the morning, Chatelard invited him to walk in the palace gardens, an invitation which was courteously, or rather it should be said, joyfully accepted.

They had not taken more than a turn or two when Southennan mentioned the distress in which he had accidentally seen the young lady

come from the Queen's chamber, with some encomium on her beauty, affecting at the same time, more indifference in his inquiries than was consonant to the impression she had made, though natural to the sentiment which her sorrow and loveliness had inspired.

Chatelard, with the gay legerity of his countrymen, readily replied to all the questions of the enamoured Southennan, and conceitedly insinuated that he was probably cruel enough to be in some measure the cause of the tears he had witnessed. These insinuations were not calculated to sooth the mind of Southennan; but his natural quickness of discernment soon enabled him to discover, that if the gentle stranger was indeed attached to Chatelard, it was a passion without return. This discovery had the effect of awakening some suspicion of the purity of the Frenchman's declarations, especially when, in a short time afterwards, he began to profess, with more vehemence than the occasion seemed to require, the love which he had determined to assume in order to mask his passion for the queen. Moreover, the cau-

tion of the young Scotchman was surprised at the loquacity of Chatelard, and he could not but regard as something extraordinary, that he should, upon so slight an acquaintance, talk so openly to him of feelings which delicacy and genuine affection teach the sincere lover to conceal. He learned, however, from him, but without disclosing in any degree the emotion with which the intelligence affected him, that the fair unknown was no other than Adelaide, the adopted daughter of Dufroy. Could it be possible, thought he, that she is the child of Knockwhinnie; but upon this point Chatelard could give him no information. When he was engaged himself to come to Scotland with the court, Adelaide was already a favourite attendant on the Queen, and he had not, until during the voyage, any opportunity of becoming acquainted with her.

Although this conversation did not last very long, it yet served, to the instinctive quick-sightedness of Southennan, to disclose much of the latent vanity and secret ambition of Chatelard; for, in speaking of the feminine supe-

riority and graces of the Queen in terms natural to their years, Southennan observed, with a kind of suspicious curiosity, that his companion affected greater coldness on the subject than any other who had ever beheld his royal mistress. On her intellectual qualities he was abundantly eloquent; he spoke of her personal courage and decision of character as if he had been praising the bravery and enterprise of a young knight, and he applauded the aptness of her scholarship as if he had been commending the genius of a student; but he never alluded to those charms and endowments which were far more attractive to youthful admiration. In this his hypocrisy overreached itself; for though the thought of his aspiring to the love of the Queen could not infect the reverential loyalty of Southennan even with the bare imagination of a possible presumption, he could, nevertheless, discern that Chatelard's guarded and circumspect language, in speaking of those qualities by which she was so personally distinguished, sprung from some resolution that had its motive deeper than the duties of his servi-



tude, and his distrust, in consequence, of the truth and integrity of the Frenchman, was thus, in their first familiarity, heightened to a vigilant suspicion of his honour and principles.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"The Duke's in council, and your noble self  
I'm sure is sent for."

OTHELLO.

THE Count Dufroy was in the council-chamber before any of the magistrates made their appearance. Although he was unable to divine the reason for which he had been invited to come before them, he had yet a vague notion that the business had something to do with his adventure when formerly in Scotland, and this preconception assisted in some degree, to prepare him for the investigation.

At last two of the bailies appeared. They looked around them with that consciousness of superiority which befits and is so requisite to support civic dignity: one of them recognised, with a tacit and inscrutable wink, a customer in

the crowd which pressed upon the inclosure that surrounded the council-table; and the other, with a nod and some familiar phraseology, augmented the consideration of a friend whom he saw at a distance also in the crowd. Others of the Council then began to assemble, and after the compliments of the morning, they spoke together with many sentiments of admiration, all agreeing that "My Lord," meaning the Provost, had never been so jocose as on the preceding night. Then his lordship came in, and they took their seats with every proper demonstration of dutiful homage and respect; to all which he made a suitable return, becoming a chief magistrate on such a solemn occasion.

The Council being formed, the Provost rose, and said that he had the honour to report, "that by reason of the great stress of business thrown upon the Council held last night, because of the multitudinous state of the city, occasioned by the arrival of the Queen's Majesty within the realm, the sederunt thereof had been prolonged to a late hour; by which the members, were sorely forefoughten, insomuch, that when the



Council adjourned, at the late hour of eleven by Giles's clock, it was thought necessary, and to show their loyalty to the Queen's Majesty, that they should partake of some refreshment, as a solace after the arduous duties they had so strenuously performed, in the house of that most reputable vintner, Marion Bickers. He therefore submitted for the consideration of the Council, before going into the business of the day, whether the expense, being as he conceived on account of public duty, should be borne by the magistrates and council on their own pock-neuk, or, as it ought to be, made a charge on the community."

The question arising thereupon was moved by the Lord Dean of Guild, and seconded by past Bailie Brown, "That inasmuch as their sore labours and their great loyalty brought on the needcessity, the cost of the refreshment ought to be charged to the public accounts."

For some time a patriotic diversity of opinion appeared on the subject; but in the end it was carried *nemine contradicente*, and the clerk was ordered to record a minute of it in

the usual manner, and to read what he had recorded. This was accordingly done, and he read as follows:—

“ That forsameikle as the Queen’s Majesty cam yesterday from o’er sea, into this her auncient kingrik and realme of Scotland, to the great joyaunce of her leil subjects, and the contentation of all her trew lieges, it behoved the Provoste, Bailies, and Counsale of the Burrow of Edinburgh, to demonstrate and mak manifest their hearty gude wull thereuntill; for the whilk reason, there being divers sorners and others misleart persones in and about the town, causing by their appearance, panicks and apprehensiones in the mindes of the weel-disposed lieges, it was fund expedient and necessar, to keepe a session and sederunt of the counsale intil æn late hour; by whilk great exertion, and through the labour of examining malefactors and other ill-doers, the Provost, Bailies, and Counsale aforesaid, were meikle exhoust; insomuch, that it was thocht due in reverence and thankfulness, for what had come to pass by the Queen Majesty’s safe return, and

the debilitation whilk the fore said Provoste, Bailies, and Counsale had suffered in the said quest, to seek in the house of æn Marion Bickers, a reputable widow woman, a vintner forenent the Luckenbooths, some moderate refreshing; and the said Provoste, Bailies, and Counsale having adjourned until the samen, they were there conjunctly and severally pleasauntly solaced with kippered saumon, rizard haddies, partens, and other shell-fishes, together with a certain part and portion, of ane chappin stoup of the French liquor, and fifteen stoups of sack wine, being ane stoup for ilk man, and ane dooble stoup for the Provoste; and the samen this day being taken into consideration by the said Provoste, Bailies, and Counsale, they unanimously appruved of the samen, and authoreezed and empoured, as they hereby authoreeze and empour the Treasurer, to pay and defray the cost and charge thereof, and to put the samen to the count of the cost of receiving the Queen's Majesty."

On the minute being read, the Lord Dean of Guild rose, and said—

“ Altho’ every kything of loyalty has my most hearty approbation, yet I have a duty to perform, and I am sure that all my colleagues will be as liel as myself in this matter. It was an occasion last night, caused upon us by a great event, but it would be most wrongous were we to establish a precedent, that whenever a Queen’s Majesty, or a King’s either, returns upon us, that we should put the community to a dreadful outlay for our particular behoof, I therefore, beg that it may be entered in the minutes of Council, that the community is never hereafter to be burdened with the cost and outlay of such banquetings.”

All present ruffed upon the table their high admiration of this magnanimous patriotism, and the clerk was directed to make a record of the same.

When this important part of the business of the morning was determined, and when the town-clerk had read over the minute of the proceedings in the case of Auchenbrae, on which the Court had adjourned, that delinquent was again ordered to be placed at the bar ;

and the Count Dufroy then called by name, immediately presented himself, and was most courteously invited by the Provost to take a seat within the bar.

Some little time elapsed before the halberdiers appeared, and in the meanwhile a number of pleasant and facetious bagatelles passed between the Count and the Lord Provost, who politely recollected that he had seen him during the seige of Leith; and past Bailie Brown inquired of the Count, in a most debonair manner, concerning a certain very remarkable French officer of distinction, with a Roman nose, and large black whiskers, whom he recollected in the French army, but whose name he did not then exactly remember.

“ He was,” said the Bailie, “ a most entertaining lad, and could play on the lute with the dexterity of a trumpeter, or a troubadour, the sort of musicants ye have in France : for my part, however, though I will allow their music to be most soft and melodious, I yet cannot but say, that I think every man of a correct taste will acknowledge that the bagpipes

on the far side of a Highland loch, are to the full more commendable."

The Count replied, that there was no accounting for tastes, and to some ears there might be a fascination in the bagpipes, especially at a distance.

At this moment Johnnie Gaff came forward followed by his compeers, with considerable consternation in their faces.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“*Mer.* You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, Sir, the slip.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ON seeing the halberdiers, the Provost exclaimed, with some impatience,

“Bring forward the prisoner? What for will ye no do your duty?”

Upon this Johnnie Gaff stepped forward, and said—“*Non est inventy.*”

“None of your Latin havers, Johnnie,” said past Bailie Brown: “but tell us, in the language of Christianity, where ’s the prisoner?”

“Na!” said Johnnie, “that would puzzle a soothsayer; but he ’s either aff and awa, wi a whisk like the wind through a key-hole, or he has undergone some unco metamorphoze.”

“What is it you mean?” said the Provost.

“Just nae mair than, that where he should hae been in the iron room, instead o’ him, we found his servant man, Watty Wallace.

“How can that be possible?”

“As to the possibility, I hae little to say, but it’s true; it’s neither in *essy*, or in *possy*; it’s just a certainty.”

“This is most extraordinary!” exclaimed the Provost, Bailies, and Council.

“And how can you account for this neglect in your warding, Johnnie? I never heard the like of this,” said the Provost.

“It wasna our faut, my Lord! it a’ cam o’ the crowd that fallow’t us up the steeple stair. In that crowd there happened to be the foresaid Watty Wallace in *pro: per:*, wi’ a plaid about him the very marrow, I would say the ilk in a certain sense, o’ the ane his master had on. Weel ye see, my Lord, when we were in the mirk o’ the stair, the bowet wherewi’ Robin Lockie was lighting us up, was driven out o’ his hand by the said Watty Wallace, greeting like a bairn, and forcing himself in on a pretence to



tak a loving leave o' his maister; by the whilk thing, somebody put their feet on the said bowet, and smashing the horn, quenched the candle. So being a' in the dark, we somehow, *non clary constat*, rammed Watty Wallace intil the hole, a substitute for his master, wha maun wi a sort o' glamoury hae slippit thro' our fingers like an evil spirit, for we kent naething o't till we gaed to bring him hither this morning."

"Weel," said past Bailie Brown, "I ne'er heard o' sic a supple trick, and is't a possibility that the prisoner has really absconded?"

"He 's *fugæ*," said Johnnie.

"Clerk," said the Provost, "ye must send a hue and cry out directly."

"*Esto!*" said Johnnie Gaff.

The Provost then addressed the Count.

"You have heard, Sir, of the *accidence* that has befallen the man that you were called hither to confront, and as he has in a manner so singular fled from justice, it is not very clear how we should deal with you; but since you have obeyed, in so discreet a manner, our summons, we will just ask you a few simple questions, to

the end, that it may not be said you were troubled to come from the palace to the Council Chamber of Edinburgh for nothing."

The Count assured the Provost, that he was ready to answer any question which might be put to him.

"Nothing can be more civil and polite than that," said the Provost; "now clerk, take your pen."

"Well, Count, was it you that broke into the Lady of Knockwhinnie's bower chamber, and stole her away?"

The Count, without answering the question, expressed himself happy in being at last placed in a situation to enable him to explain his part in a transaction which was still involved in mystery. But before we relate the statement of the Count, it is here necessary to mention some circumstances in the previous history of Knockwhinnie.

In early life, almost in his prematurity, in consequence of an agreement between their respective fathers, Knockwhinnie was married to the Lady Ellenor, a daughter of the Lord

Kilburnie. Contrary to the course of such marriages, their union proved affectionate and happy. From the day of their betrothment, to that of their nuptials, a period of twelve years, they had lived together in the castle of Kilburnie. Knockwhinnie, however, was too bold and adventurous to remain always content with the blandishments of his bride. After the birth of a daughter, he was induced to visit Paris, then much frequented by the young nobility, and higher gentry of Scotland; and while there, was persuaded to become a member of the Scottish Guards, which at that period were the distinguished attendants of the French king. He then returned home for the purpose of carrying his lady and child to France; but to his extreme disappointment she was averse to go abroad, a circumstance which, for the first time, caused discontent between them, and he was in consequence obliged to return without her; in the hope, however, that she would yield to the influence of his absence, and voluntarily follow him.

When the Queen Dowager was Regent of Scotland, an army was lent to her from France, to enable her to subdue the Protestant malcontents, and the Count Dufroy held in this army a high appointment under the Count D'Oisel. On his arrival at Linlithgow, where the dowager held her court, he found the Lord Kilburnie there with his family, and the Lady Ellenor and her child. Dufroy was previously acquainted with Kilburnie, who had been several times at Paris, and they were both equally happy to renew their former intimacy. It thus happened that the Count became a frequent visitor at the house of Kilburnie, and the freedom which he enjoyed there, with the gay affability of his own manners, was ascribed by some of the friends of the family to an attachment to the Lady of Knockwhinnie.

In the meantime Auchenbrae, a profligate scion of the Montgomeries of Eaglesham, had become deeply enamoured of the Lady Ellenor, and, being regardless of the means he employed to attain his ends, resolved to carry her off.

This, as the reader is already informed, he had nearly effected, but was interrupted by an accidental encounter with the Count.

The previous rumours, which were altogether unfounded, to the prejudice of her honour, seemed to be verified to the servants, who in the pursuit, found her, as already described, senseless in the arms of Dufroy. These rumours, and the history of her elopement, reached, without any allaying circumstance, Knockwhinnie, at Paris; and he, as the reader is informed, came instantly to Edinburgh, and attempted to satisfy his revenge by stabbing the Count at the Cross; an event which led to his own outlawry, and induced the Lord Kilburnie to persuade Lady Ellenor, with her child, to retire to a convent in Normandy, as the worthy host of the Unicorn, the Maister Balwham, had related. The Count, on his return from the Scottish war, moved by his compassion for the unfortunate lady and her innocent misfortunes, and also by his attachment to the Lord Kilburnie, adopted her daughter Adelaide, gave her his name, and finally procured for her that place

among the attendants of the Queen, which ultimately brought her home to Scotland.

His explanations to the magistrates did not, of course, touch upon so many particulars; but it was so far in unison with what Johnnie Gaff had set forward in his declaration, that the only hiatus remaining unexplained, was the interval between the flight of the Lady Ellenor, and the finding of her with the Count; upon which point, he observed, that although not acquainted with Auchenbrae, he had no doubt whatever that it was him who had committed the abduction. “In the dark we met,” said he; “and it was only by hearing the screams, and knowing the lady’s voice, that I was led to interfere in her rescue.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“What news?  
Hast thou met with him?”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

IN the meantime, Southennan returned to his lodgings for Hughoc to conduct him to the house where Knockwhinnie had gone to conceal himself, but the boy was not there. He found, however, Baldy waiting for him, with considerable anxiety.

Baldy had been that morning early a-foot, in quest of a more becoming domicile for his master, and was now desirous of permission to remove their luggage.

“I hae,” said he, “met wi’ very creditable dry lodgings in Crichton’s Land, ayont the Luckenbooths, only up nine stairs, in the house



o' ane Mrs. Marjory Seaton, a leddy o' the single order, no being married, and haeing nae childer; she's a maist sponisible character, well stricken in years, and as prejinct in a' about her dwelling, as it's possible for our ain Abigail Cunninghame for her life to be."

Southennan expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement, although nine stairs up sounded somewhat above his wishes.

"Deed!" quoth Baldy, "I will allow its taking you a thocht nearer heaven's yett before your time; but if ye heard what a panic's in the burgh on this occasion for lodgings, ye would be content wi' thae that I hae gotten, even if they had been nine stairs towards the entrance of anither place."

"Well," said Southennan, "let the things be taken there; but where is the boy? I want him."

"I trow," replied Baldy, "he's to be a fash to us. He's glaikit and ta'en up hither and yon, wi' Gude kens what: he was up and out this morning afore the skreigh o' day, and I misdoot if he hasna' gi'en himself o'er, wi' mair



gudewill towards that unco Knockwhinnie, than comports wi' faithful service to you, Laird: ye'll hae to gie him counsel, if it should be on the breadth o' his back, wi' a rung, no to be sae neglectfu' o' his rightful service."

While they were thus speaking, Hughoc made his appearance, and in approaching, gave his master a sign that he had something to tell not proper for Baldy to hear. Southennan, in consequence, repeated his order to remove the luggage without delay; and stepped towards the boy, who said, warily, in a whispering voice,

"I'm thinking we hae gotten into an awfu' trap. I did, yestreen, just what ye bade me. I ga'ed wi' Knockwhinnie to the house he has made his howf. It was up Gude kens how mony stairs, and its keepit by a long lean leddy, ane Mistress Marjory Seaton: she's a narrow woman yon!"

Southennan was a little 'disconcerted that Baldy should have made choice of the same house; and was on the point of directing the boy to bid him suspend the removal of the luggage until he should have accommodated him-

self elsewhere, when Hughoc subjoined, still more impressively,

“And do ye ken, Laird, just when I had gotten Knockwhinnie weel within the door, and was coming down the stair, wi’ a match in my hand for a light, wha should I meet coming up, wi’ a flaught like a whirlwind, but Friar Michael, that was catched, ye ken, by the town offishers, talking high treason wi’ our auld doited Father Jerome. What could be the meaning o’ that, Laird?”

Southennan being altogether unacquainted with what had taken place before the magistrates, saw nothing very extraordinary in the circumstance which Hughoc had observed; and said, “Well, what then?”

“What then, Sir!” exclaimed Hughoc, “wasna he on leg bail! But the wonderfu’ thing o’ a’, Sir, he ran up the stair, and I couldna’ but blaw out my match, and creep after him; and what do ye think happened?”

“And what did happen?” asked Southennan, impatiently.

“He chappit at the door wi’ his knuckle, and

it was opened by Mistress Marjory herself, wi an iron croosie in her hand. ‘Eh cousin!’ said she; ‘Scog me!’ quo’ he, so in he went, the door was shut; and wasna’ that a wonderfu’ thing?”

“Is he too a lodger there,” said Southennan, to himself, “that settles the point;” and he called aloud to Baldy to forbid the removal.

“But that’s no a’,” said Hughoc, “I cam down the stair and out on the causey; and sic a stramash as there was in a crowd concerning ane Auchenbrae that had loupet out o’ the hands o’ the Lord Provost, when he was standing before him to be hanged for something that wasna canny. But, Sir, for a’ that, I cam hame and I gaed to my bed, but I couldna sleep; so I rose at the grey day-light to see what Mistress Marjory was making o’ her bonny birds. Now, Sir, I’m gaun to let you into the marrow o’ the fact.”

“Well, go on,” said Southennan, begininng to be more interested in the story; “You went there this morning—”

“I was so minded,” replied Hughoc, “but just as I got to the foot o’ the stair out cam a

terrible stalwart gruesome randy carlin, wi a rung for a staff that would hae made a bawk to our barn ; and wha do ye think it was? If I can trust my eyne, it was Friar Michael again ; and he had a creel on his back fu' o gear like a fish-woman. Wasna this an extraordinar' thing?"

"And what did you?" asked his master.

"I had heard o' plots and conspeeracies about Courts ye ken, Laird ; and I said to mysel, surely this maun be ane o' them, but please Gude ! I'll see the bottom o't, for maybe I'm ordained to be a mean o' saving the Queen's life, and may get something worth while for my pains. So ye see, maister, I just took my heels ahint me and fallow't madam that was the Friar Michael ; and whar do ye think she gaed to?"

"Be more connected," said Southennan, "tell me, at once, what all this is about ; for I have no time to listen."

"It's no possible," replied the boy, "to mak' the tale shorter ; but I can skip the particulars till anither time, and tell you that I fallow't Friar Michael in his glamoury down to the ferry at

the water o' Leith, and there he crossed, and for aught I ken, is aff and awa' to the Highland hills. Doesna' that cow a', Laird?"

"But what of Knockwhinnie? What have you seen or heard of him this morning."

"If ye would be a wee patientfu', Laird, I would tell you, for I canna mak the past and the present ae thing; but the come-to-pass was, when I saw Friar Michael o'er the water, back cam I to do my devoirs to Knockwhinnie, an' ye see I was soon again at the foot o' the mistress Marjory's stair, and I ran up; odd! yon's desperate stairs, they put me out o' breath before I got to the door; but to the door I did get and tirl'd at the pin; and wha was sae ready at the sneck as the leddy hersel', to open and let me in. Then I said to her, that I cam frae you, and was sent to speer for Knockwhinnie: that was nae lee, Laird, for ye ken ye intended it should be sae. Odd! but she's an elsin, yon leddy; her eyne kindled, and she looked at me as if they had been wimbles, that would hae gaen thro' me. So I put on a weel bred saft manner, and told her how my maister—

that was you, Sir—was a condisciple o' Knockwhinnie's, and how we had travelled intill Embro thegither, and how ye were concerned for fear he would this morning be the waur o' his journey, and I was come to speer for him. This beguiled the leddy, and she bade me come in, and be sure and dight my feet; she does keep a clean house, and that I'll tell my aunty Abigail, when, please fortune! we're a' back and safe at the Place again."

"Did you find Knockwhinnie there?" interrupted his master.

"Oh, no," said Hughoc, "he was out, and the leddy couldna' tell where. But she said he was in a very-weel-I-thank-you way; and that's a' I ha'e gotten, Laird, to tell you."

Little as the boy's story seemed to be to any purpose, it yet contained some things which interested his master. The conduct of Friar Michael seemed to be involved in some guilty mystery, and he was uneasy in reflecting that he had been first arrested in the company of his own chaplain. But the strongest impression which he received from the story, was the curious acci-

dent, as it seemed to him, by which Baldy had been led to choose his lodging in a house frequented by characters in the hunted state of Knockwhinnie and Friar Michael. It appeared, however, that the latter was related to the hostess, and it might indeed be but by chance that Baldy had gone there; still he was perplexed, and without absolutely deciding not to go to his new lodgings, he ordered Baldy to postpone the removal till another time.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Heaven has a gentle mercy  
For penitent offenders.”

## THE LADY'S TRIAL.

SOUTHENNAN went into the house, and had scarcely seated himself in his own apartment when the Count Dufroy, from the Council chamber, was announced. The visit was unexpected; but it had happened that after leaving the Tolbooth, the Count met Chatelard in the street, who informed him of Southennan's early visit to the Palace, and the particular anxiety which he had evinced to see him.

Unaware of the interest which so many curious accidents and circumstances had excited in Southennan for Knockwhinnie, the Count, after a few civilities had passed between them,



began to speak of the occasion which led him so early to attend a summons from the magistrates.

“ I am in hope,” said he, “ that the time is come when Knockwhinnie will be disabused of the delusion under which he labours with respect to me.”

He then recounted what had taken place before the magistrates regarding Auchenbrae, adding,

“ I have no doubt by the description which I received from the Lady Ellenor on the night of her abduction; that he is the guilty party. There was great weakness in me at the time, in not making more sure of him, but my attention was absorbed in her condition, and he was permitted to escape. I wish it were possible to convince Knockwhinnie of the truth of this. On many accounts I desire it; but chiefly on his daughter's, whose situation with the Queen, though honourable and distinguished, is not happy.”

Southennan assured him that Knockwhinnie was inclined now to listen to every reasonable

explanation, and had commissioned him to wait on the Count for that purpose.

“ I can only,” replied Dufroy, “ repeat to you what I have said to others, that it was not by me the Lady Ellenor was stolen from her own house ; that I found her in a state of insensibility in the possession of another ; that I rescued her from the outrage ; and that it was in the crisis of rescue her own servants came up. Her father, the Lord Kilburnie, was so far satisfied with the purity of my conduct, that when he himself conducted her to Normandy, he placed her in the convent of the Ursulines at Caen, of which the abbess is my aunt.”

Southennan then inquired how it had happened that no endeavour was ever made on the part of Lord Kilburnie to inform Knockwhinnie of these circumstances.

“ Your observation is just,” replied the Count, “ but had you known the man you would not have been surprised at his conduct. He is no more, and I may speak of him truly as he was : it can now do him no harm, nor

is there any lack of discretion in the freedom which I may take with him. He was a Scottish baron of the sternest breed, somewhat, it is true, tamed by occasional visits to Paris, but it was a mere habitude, no change had been produced upon his proud and fierce nature. The iron was not transmuted: it was only gilded. Something which was never explained to me, had filled him with resentment against Knockwhinnie, for having, as he alleged, deserted the Lady Ellenor and her child, and this it was which prevented him from seeking to conciliate Knockwhinnie after the abduction. Satisfied with the innocence of his daughter, he disdained to explain as much to her husband, whose desertion he often wrathfully said, was the cause of the outrage to which she had been exposed. His death, soon after her retirement to France, left the affair in this unfortunate and undetermined state."

"You must acknowledge," said Southennan, "that the affection you have shown to the Lady Ellenor's daughter, was calculated to confirm the jealousy of her husband."

“The child was helpless. I thought in no particular manner, either of her mother’s wrongs, or of her father’s attack on my own life. I was pleased with its beauty when I saw it with other noble children, who were placed for their education with my aunt the abbess. It was for its own sake, having no family of my own, that I adopted it; for though the Lord Kilburnie was reckoned among my friends, yet I regarded him with no such particular affection as to have adopted his grand-daughter, had there not been other motives in the beautiful creature itself to attach me to her.”

Southennan acknowledged that the explanation of Dufroy was to him satisfactory; but there was still something unaccountable in the reserve with which the Count appeared to withhold his adopted daughter from her father; for he remarked that Dufroy, though frank in the vindication of himself, evinced no wish to introduce Adelaide to her father. On the contrary, though he said nothing, it was evident by his manner, that he bore a secret dislike to Knockwhinnie. This was perhaps natural, considering what had

taken place between them. Still to the young and generous mind of Southennan it seemed harsh: he thought that Dufroy should make more allowance for the wounded sensibilities of the Outlaw, and he was disappointed that he had not of his own accord offered to procure a pardon for Knockwhinnie, for whom, as the father of Adelaide, he felt a growing and more tender interest.

“Surely, Count,” said he, “it cannot be, that doting with such paternal affection on the child of Knockwhinnie, you would not wish to promote her happiness, by enabling her father to join his affection to yours at this particular time, when you say that her situation with the Queen is so far less desirable than you had expected it would have been.”

“He has done me an injury,” replied the Count, gravely. “I speak not of what he did by his dagger; but the wound inflicted on my honour: he has yet to atone for that. Nor was it all regard for Adelaide that brought me at this time to Scotland.”

Southennan was struck with the feeling which

evidently agitated the Count; he thought it unwarranted, and expressed, with some degree of firmness in his manner, his surprise that the Count should think so sternly of an incident which partook so much of mistake and chance.

“By what you have stated,” said he, “you admit that there was strong reason for Knockwhinnie to believe that it was you who had withdrawn his lady from her house. Every thing in the advent and first rumour of the affair was calculated to make Knockwhinnie believe you had done him that irreparable wrong; and he sought to gratify his revenge on you, believing you to be so guilty. Had he known then what you have now explained, he could not have felt against you what he then felt; and you should, therefore, think of what he then did as unintentional. Had he known the truth of the case, he could not have been your enemy; and, for the error under which he was impelled, should you not therefore forgive the act?”

The Count listened without emotion to what Southennan urged; he even appeared to acquiesce in the justness of some of his observations;

but when the young Laird, with redoubled earnestness, entreated his assistance to obtain a revocation of the outlawry, and a pardon for Knockwhinnie's uncompleted offence, he looked at him with a steady eye, and then said, "What do you ask—what do you expect from me?"

"I have said," replied Southennan, calmly, but with a tone more solemn than he had yet employed; "I have said, considering the delusion under which Knockwhinnie acted, what he is justly entitled to receive."

"What is that?"

"Your forgiveness, and the Queen's pardon."

A pause ensued. Southennan stood in visible expectation of an answer; but the Count cast his eyes upon the floor, and seemed thoughtful. At last, the young Laird said—

"Will you assist me to procure his pardon?"

"No!" was the answer; and the Count, at the same time bowing with particular respectfulness, immediately retired.

## CHAPTER XXV.

“ A fearful storm is hovering ; it will fall,  
No shelter can avoid it.”

FORD.

SOUTHENNAN was troubled. The reluctance which Dufroy showed to perform what honour and humanity equally required, appeared to discover the existence of a spring amidst the motives of the heart, of which he had formed no previous conception. At first he was disposed to treat the refusal of the Count as weak and unworthy ; he thought his antipathy to Knockwhinnie like the anger of the child at the stone by which it has been injured. But as he reflected more deeply, he began to suspect that through the predicament in which he had been placed by his connection with the lady Ellenor, and by the story of the attempted assassination, he had



incurred some other misfortune, and that it was perhaps the recollection of it which made him so calmly reluctant to abate the sufferings of the Outlaw; nor was he erroneous in this conclusion.

The Count Dufroy, at the period when the abduction of the Lady Ellenor took place, had become enamoured of Lady Margaret Douglas, a fair and pious votary of the reformed religion. Severe, according to the rules of those champions of the Reformation, whose doctrines she had embraced, she regarded the slightest aberration in morality as a greater offence than even adherence to the errors of Rome. She could look with favour on the accomplished Count, while she lamented his religious obstinacy; but the slightest stain upon his purity was in her eyes inexpiable: she heard of the assassination, of the cause to which it was imputed, and all partiality for Dufroy was at once erased from her heart. She saw him no more, and he was informed that it was in vain to expect she would ever permit him to renew his suit; a decision made unalterable, by soon after accepting the hand of the

Rev. Simeon Glossar, an eminent divine of the new sect, and of great repute and efficacy as a preacher.

The knowledge which Dufroy obtained of the cause of her sudden and decided estrangement, made him feel as if the misfortune had not only come immediately from Knockwhinnie, but had been the result of some deliberate machination of his invention. We are not to examine the reasonableness of this feeling: it existed: it inspired motives which, though they did not draw the Count on into any active retaliation, yet caused him to regard Knockwhinnie as the adversary of his fortune.

In characters composed of more austere elements than those of Count Dufroy, it is probable that the feeling we have described, would have instigated some darker purpose than any thought or wish which the generous and noble nature of that accomplished person could entertain. But still it affected him to the utmost degree of which his character was susceptible; he was too honourable to indulge his animosity in sinister designs, and too just to think of revenging

a wrong which, however deeply he felt, he could not conceal from himself was not voluntarily committed. But he could not so master the infirmity of man as to regard the sources of his disappointment in their true light.

“ I have suffered,” said he to himself, as he left Southennan: “ and why should I involve myself more with the cause? This Knock-whinnie and his concerns are the sediment in my cup. I can but cast them from me; and I wish myself well rid of the puling girl, in whom I have taken too long too fond an interest.”

Scarcely had the expression escaped him when the wonted tenderness of his disposition returned; he felt almost remorse at the idea of withdrawing his paternal protection from Adelaide, and he hastened towards the palace, anxious to ascertain the source of the distress with which she had been affected the preceding evening; for he had learned that she had left the Queen’s presence in tears, and was observed more dejected than she had ever been seen on any former occasion.

He found her in her own apartment, a small

dark triangular room, with only one window, the casement of which was open: a pitcher with flowers stood upon the sill. The chimney was in one corner, and was filled with green boughs. The walls were hung with ancient tapestry, representing the story of Eneas' departure from Dido: it was old and faded, but the tale was well told. The galley which bore the hero from the shores of Carthage was seen at a distance, and the attendants of Dido were represented as wistfully pursuing it with their eyes from a terrace of her palace: she herself was seen reclining dejectedly on a couch, near a huge pile of faggots, the funeral pyre prepared for herself. She was the principal figure in the picture, and appeared pale, young, and beautiful, immediately behind the seat on which Adelaide was sitting.

As the Count entered the room, the disconsolate attitude of his adopted daughter seemed to him strikingly similar to that of the forsaken Queen; and the air of her despondency to resemble the melancholy which heightened the beauty of Dido.

Adelaide was leaning her cheek upon her hand, resting her elbow on a small table of ebony, on which stood a little mirror in a silver frame. A string of pearls, which she had worn the preceding evening, hung over it in a careless festoon; on the table lay several little articles of Parisian bijouterie, and three or four artificial flowers, which, in the liveliness of their appearance almost surpassed nature; among them lay also a set of ivory tablets, fastened to each other at the corner by a silver pivot, studded with a small ruby.

A few words were inscribed on one of the tablets, it would seem newly done, as a pencil lay beside it. At the foot of the table, with loose sheets of music, stood a Florentine lute, and in a chair, on the opposite side of the table to that on which the pensive lady was leaning, lay a rich robe, selected for her appearance in the Queen's circle in the evening, with gloves and embroidered shoes, befitting the elegance of her hands and the beauty of her feet.

The Count halted at the door as he entered,

and regarded her for a short time with compassion and sorrow. He saw that her bosom was pierced with an anguish which she indulged, and that she was yielding with the helplessness of despondency, to the impression of some misfortune, with which her disconsolate attitude indicated, that she felt it was in vain to contend. For a moment he fancied that possibly her grief had its origin in some of those manifold little slights which are so deeply felt, however unintentionally given, by those who are doomed to move in the ephemeral splendour of royal favour; but her meek and gentle attitude, so resembling that of the forlorn Dido, excited his attention, and he could not but acknowledge that the same mournfulness of look and air might arise from a similar cause. He approached softly towards her, and touched her before she was aware that he was in the room. It dissipated her trance of thoughtfulness, and in the same moment she started from her seat, and falling on his arm, with her forehead on his shoulder, burst into tears.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“ A melancholy, grounded and resolved,  
Received into a habit, argues love,  
Or deep impression of strong discontents.  
In cases of these rarities, a friend,  
Upon whose faith and confidence we may  
Vent with security our grief, becomes  
Ofttimes the best physician.”

FORD.

THE Count kindly endeavoured to sooth Adelaide, and disengaging her from his arm, replaced her on the chair, and took a seat beside her.

“ I am afraid,” said he, “ that this voyage from France has taken you far from some dearer object than any you have yet met with in your native land.”

“ Alas? it is not so: but why did I ever leave France; I share with my royal lady the sorrow she felt at bidding it adieu. But it

is not for aught I have left behind that my tears flow; nor do I well know wherefore my heart is so heavy."

The Count smiled, and said, with pity mingled with gaiety—

"I think, Adelaide, it would not be difficult to guess the cause of your sorrow."

She was a little startled at this, and wiping hastily away the tear which stood in the corner of her eye, said, with a look of alarm and solicitude—

"What do you mean?"

The Count took her hand, and smiling a little more expressively than before, said—

"Don't be frightened: I only fancy that there is no wound in your grief which may not be easily cured. Come, confide in your father. It must not be that you sit sighing here alone, and perhaps, at the same time, by your seclusion, breaking another heart."

"Ah!" exclaimed Adelaide; and stooping her head to hide her blushes, she affectionately kissed his hand.

"I thought it was so," said the Count, cheer-



fully ; “ Pray, for whom are all these precious tears so tenderly shed. May I guess ? ”

“ You cannot,” replied she in a tone of hopeless pathos. “ He for whom they fall shall never know of them. Ask me no more, and I will try to subdue a sentiment that is hopeless.”

“ Why hopeless ? ” inquired the Count, with some degree of earnestness, touched by her candour and sensibility. “ Who is there among all the gallants of the court that might not be proud to win this gentle hand ? ”

Adelaide answered only with a sigh, which told still more expressively the dejection of her heart.

“ Ave Maria,” exclaimed the Count, “ protect my child ! Hast thou then unworthily placed thy affections ? I beseech thee, sweet Adelaide, to make no more concealment ! ”

“ No,” was her firm reply : “ but nevertheless there is no hope for me.”

“ It must be so then,” cried the Count, anxiously ; “ he is wedded to another.”

“ Oh no,” cried Adelaide, with an eager and terrified tone ; “ I could not be so guilty.”

“Then he is engaged to another,” said the Count, compassionately.

Adelaide made no answer, but rising, which the Count also did at the same time, she wiped her eyes, and appeared for a moment thoughtful.

“What would you, Adelaide?”

“You have come, my lord, upon me when I should not have been seen, and I have told you more than befits maidenly diffidence. Yet I wish not to recal what I have said. It is true that my heart hath gone away from me, but it hath not taken my reason with it. I forget not my birth, nor the dignity of the lessons I received from the Lady Beatrice in Normandy; and therefore, though my love is hopeless yet it shall be free from shame. I will conquer it if I can, and if I cannot, I can die.”

“Come, come,” said the Count, laughing, “not so fast; you may change. But to leave this common version of true love’s fond tale, I have come to tell you news. Your father, Knockwhinnie, is in Edinburgh.”

“I know no father but yourself,” replied Adelaide; “of Knockwhinnie I have heard

but the name; and it was not spoken by those who used it with much kindness. Tell me something of him. Ah me! I hope I am not much undutiful; but now I do remember that my mother told me he was a brave and gallant knight, though wilful in his humour, by which he had bred to her many sorrows. Will he come here to see me? Methinks I should like to see my father. Alas, I can never love him as I do you!"

The Count caressed her affectionately, and bidding her be again seated, related to her so much of the story of her parents as prepared her to understand that her father was in a state of outlawry.

"Then," said Adelaide, "that will be soon reversed."

"How?" inquired the Count, a little gloomily.

"Because it will give me pleasure," said she; "and you have always been so kind you cannot but for my sake solicit his pardon."

The Count avoided the earnestness of the en-

treating look with which this was said. She observed it, and it overawed her.

“I fear,” she cried with anxiety, “that you have not told me all. Has my father done you any wrong, that you are so averse to extricate him from his present perilous state?”

“Let us speak no more of it at present,” said the Count; “we shall talk of it another time.”

“It must not be so,” exclaimed our gentle heroine, with more than the wonted energy of her meek character; “I will myself go straight to the Queen, and beseech the grace of her pardon.”

“You said but now,” replied Dufroy, “that you felt but little for your father, and that you loved me in his stead.”

“True; but you had not then told me of his danger. What should I be, were I not to help my father? If he hath made himself your enemy it is to me a great misfortune; and if you are his, it is still greater; for I can never look on you as I should do on my father’s enemy.”

The Count was greatly moved; he could not but acknowledge the justness of her senti-

ments; still he thought that such a blight had fallen on his happiness by Knockwhinnie, that to seek the reversal of his outlawry was a thing that lay not within the scope of his duties.

Adelaide, however, was not to be repulsed by the coldness of his manner, and she again expressed her persuasion that he would aid her to procure the pardon. Before he had time, however, to make any reply, the voice of Chatelard, passing beneath the window, was heard humming the air he had sung the night before to the Queen. It caused Adelaide to pause abruptly in her solicitation, and covered her face with blushes. The Count observed her emotion; in the same moment he rightly conjectured that Chatelard was the object of her attachment, and looked at her sharply as he said,

“What hath overcome you? You were speaking of your father.”

Her answer was confused, and the crimson of her countenance deepened.

“Ah,” said Dufroy, “I need no one now to tell me who is the cause of your disquietude!”

“Is it not natural,” said she, “that a child

should be disquieted for a father so unhappy as mine?"

The Count looked archly at the little address with which she had thus parried his remark, and added without seeming to have noticed her answer,—

“I do not say it is an ill-placed attachment; but he hath lived too lightly in the world to value properly the warmth and faithfulness of such a heart as yours.”

Adelaide perceived that he had discovered her secret; but rallying her spirits, she evaded his scrutiny with that instinctive address with which even the most innocent maiden knows how, in similar circumstances, to extricate herself. She reverted with increased zeal to the unfortunate condition of her father; and the Count, to avoid her importunity, hastily promised to consider the matter when he had more leisure, and left the room.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“ Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,  
Parent of manners like herself severe,  
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,  
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace.”

COWPER.

THE day, as we have already described, was sunny and inspiring. The spirit of universal gaiety pervaded every heart. The city rung with cheerfulness, music, and preparation. Every countenance was lighted up, and even the solitary royal Mary, partook of the gladness around her, and the joy that her own presence awakened.

At the moment when the Count Dufroy came from the apartment of Adelaide, Her Majesty was passing through the gallery, attended by her ladies, to receive some of the reformed clergy, who, in disregard of the established etiquette of the court, had obtruded themselves

at that early hour upon her attention, and had requested an audience with rather more pertinacity than exactly befitted their business, or the respect due to their young Queen. Mary, on seeing Dufroy, gaily invited him to come with her, and laughingly remarked to him, how soon she had been summoned to recant her errors.

“Mary Livingstone here,” said she, pointing to one of her ladies, “saw them come into the court, and she has described them to me as grim carles, whose visages are so knotted with godly displeasure that no blandishment, she is sure, can untie them to a smile; but we shall be gracious, and see what influence we may possess when we would subdue or tame;” and with these words she presented her hand to the Count, who led her into the apartment of state, where the reformed ministers awaited her appearance.

On her entrance, these venerable men regarded her, for a moment, with a predetermined severity of aspect, but she approached them with an air of such filial deference that they were suddenly



discomposed, and looked confusedly at one another. In the same moment she cast her eyes towards the Lady Mary Livingstone and the Count Dufroy, with a side-look of conscious triumph.

She happened to wear at her girdle a rosary and cross of gold. This soon attracted the attention of the reverend divines, and Dr. Glossar, who was of the party, stepping forward, took hold of it, and said,

“What is the use of this bauble?”

Mary smiled, and withdrawing it from his hand, said, “It is a remembrancer. It reminds me that meekness and humility are the weapons with which I can best hope to resist the rudeness of this world.”

Dr. Glossar was rebuked, and retired.

Mary then addressed herself to another of the party, an old, grey-haired, venerable-looking man, with a pale and thoughtful countenance, which indicated a mild and gentle disposition.

“But that I see you here,” said she, “and with these worthy men, I should have thought,

father, you were too old to be of the new faith !”

The divines looked a little sullenly at one another, but Mr. Allison, the old man, pleased to have been so distinguished, replied with great courtesy, but with firmness, “ that heaven’s grace never came too late, when it came at all.”

“ Alas !” said the Queen, with one of her most fascinating smiles, “ how changed I must become, if age be merit, before I can hope to share the grace that has fallen on you.”

“ Say not so,” replied Mr. Allison, “ grace cannot but be soon mingled with such graciousness. It would have been too much had your Highness been so early adorned with heaven’s holiness as well as with such temporal beauty !”

Mary appeared delighted with his adulation, and presented her hand, which the old man, bending his knee, respectfully kissed.

“ Brother Allison,” cried Dr. Glossar, “ we came not here for purposes so idolatrous !” and turning to the Queen, whose countenance had changed at his austerity, he said, “ Madam, we

have come hither to tender unto your Highness our willing service to unbind the errors wherein you have been swaddled from the womb."

Mary looked at the Count, as if to ask him what answer to make, or to request his assistance to put an end to the audience; but she saw that he was burning with indignation, and that her ladies were pale and alarmed. She felt, however, that the moment was critical. She was aware that the austere personages before her were men, with whom the spirit of the times was proud and influential. Upon the report of their reception much, she knew, depended, and, accordingly, with that dignity and presence of mind which she ever evinced on the most trying occasions, she thanked Dr. Glossar for the charity of their intentions towards her. She assured him of her desire to deserve the good opinion of all just and wise men; and that she trusted, with God's blessing, so to deport herself as to merit a continuance of the love and loyalty of which their zeal was so remarkable a testimony; and presenting her hand to the Doctor, he condescended to bow over it with more

deference than might have been expected from the severity of his address. She then, with her wonted affability, withdrew; but, instead of presenting her hand to the Count, to lead her away, she leant upon his arm, and he felt that she was fluttered and disturbed. She, however, concealed her emotion until they were returned into the gallery, when, with a slight hysterical exclamation, she burst into a momentary fit of tears, and said,—

“I hope we are not to have too much of this. I was told what I had to expect, but it is more racy than the description. Cannot these good men be admonished that queens expect courtesy, and that ladies look for fair speeches?”

The Count expressed himself with so much vehemence against the rudeness of the divines, that Mary was obliged to repress his fervour.

“Truly,” said she, turning to the Lady Mary Livingstone, “thy account was none too rough; they are grim carles, but that old man had in him something of the leaven of more courtly breeding: he was born before rudeness was esteemed a grace of virtue. What think you,

Count, of that gaunt dominie? He is a fellow of excellent impudence! but it were not wise to tell the world what we think of him."

The Count at the moment recollected that he was the same person who had supplanted himself in the affections of the Lady Margaret Douglas, and, emboldened by what the Queen in her vexation had expressed, spoke of him with derision and unmeasured contumely.

Mary, however, suddenly interrupted him.

"Hush, my lord!" said she; "I thought you a more discreet courtier, than to think aloud in a palace."

And it was fortunate for Dufroy that the Queen was so much on her guard; for just at that moment, the Prior of St. Andrew's, afterwards the celebrated Earl and Regent Murray, entered the gallery. He had heard of the audience which the Queen had so readily vouchsafed to the Protestant divines, and, being himself of the reformed religion, was hastening to grace the interview with his presence.

"You are too late," said the Queen; "and you have missed a lesson of sweet counsel."

“So that your Majesty,” replied the Prior, “lay it to heart, I shall not lack of the fruits of it.”

“Verily,” replied the Queen, and she looked at Count Dufroy, “we shall not soon forget it. Tell me, I pray you, my Lord Prior, if your reformed divines are all such plain-spoken men?”

The Prior looked at her for a moment, and then said, “I know of none among them who fear to speak the truth.”

“I would that it consisted with their integrity,” said Mary, “to amend their manners, as well as to reform the Church.”

This little sally of her unsuspicious temper was not forgotten by the Prior; but he regarded her with brotherly affection; and, though he wrote it down in his heart, he yet, out of the love and pride with which he regarded her, as his sister, kept it at that time from the world; but he augured ill from it to that religious cause in which he was at once so piously and boldly engaged.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ He reads much;  
He is a great observer; and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

WHEN the Count Dufroy left Southennan in his apartment at Luckie Hutchie's, our hero remained for some time by himself, thoughtful almost to regret. He had long esteemed the character of the Count, respected him, indeed, as a nobleman of lofty bearing, and he was disappointed at discovering the latent antipathy with which he seemed affected towards Knockwhinnie. But this feeling was in some measure compensated by the circumstances which Dufroy related concerning the abduction. It seemed that he had it now in his power to assure the Outlaw of the innocence of his lady, and that the profligate Auchenbrae was the guilty party.

As he was ruminating over these topics, and of the incidents his boy had told him, respecting Knockwhinnie and Friar Michael taking refuge in the house in which Baldy had provided him with lodgings, a letter was brought to him from Knockwhinnie, the contents of which surprised him not a little.

The Outlaw stated, that the information he had received from Balwham, the inn-keeper, had greatly affected his mind, and that in consequence, and until his outlawry could be reversed, he had determined to avail himself of the return of one of the French vessels which had come with the Queen, to go over to France, and to ascertain at the Ursuline convent at Caen, into which his wife had retired, the facts of her story. The vessel was to sail that morning; and he concluded by entreating Southennan, in the interval, to procure for him the pardon.

This letter exceedingly disconcerted the young Laird: he saw in it the characteristic precipitancy of Knockwhinnie, and could not but lament that he should, on the very eve of explanation, have withdrawn himself from the scene



where he was most wanted. His absence, during the process of soliciting the pardon, was in itself prudent enough; but he could have retired into the country, and awaited the result there.

It seemed also strange that Knockwhinnie should have appeared so little interested in his daughter, as to think of leaving Edinburgh without making even an attempt to see her; but in this our hero reasoned more from his own feelings, than from the common nature of man. Knockwhinnie had scarcely ever seen his child; her image occupied faintly but a small space in his mind, whilst that of his lady absorbed, in a great degree, all his thoughts and feelings. Moreover, the bosom of Southennan was filled with the beauty of Adelaide; she was to him the most important object of his ruminations; his interest in her had been increased by his conversation with Count Dufroy, and he could not conceive how she could be regarded with so much indifference by her father. Altogether, he felt himself in a state of disquietude.

At last, he finally resolved to direct the removal of his luggage to the lodgings which Baldy

had taken, and to proceed to the palace, in order to obtain an introduction to Adelaide; for although he was dissatisfied with the reluctance which the Count evinced to take any part in mitigating the condition of Knockwhinnie, yet his habitual respect for that nobleman, and the part he took in the affairs of Adelaide, made him still solicitous to cultivate and retain his friendship.

As Baldy had expressed it, the courtiers only engaged dry lodgings, that is, house-room—living out of doors in the hostels and other places, where dinners and entertainments were prepared. In sooth, bating the names, and the style of accommodation, there was no great difference between the mode of life among the gallants of those days and the exquisites of these. Thus it happened, that in proceeding towards the palace, Southennan went to the Unicorn, then a place of fashionable resort, as we have already intimated, to bespeak a place at the dinner-table; for the day was now advanced towards noon, and the dining hour was at one o'clock.

While our hero was settling terms with the

host, a young gentleman came in, and enquired for some of the other foreign courtiers who had come from France.

The appearance of this stranger took the attention of Southennan. He was a short thick bandy-legged figure, of a dark olive Italian complexion, an aquiline nose, large black whiskers, eyebrows like the night, and eyes vivid, piercing, and intelligent. In his dress he was rather more showy than was then common, except on gala occasions: his ruff and the ornamental parts, were unusually costly, and he wore a gold chain, with a medallion of the Queen attached to it, richer than any which Southennan had yet observed on the other attendants of her Majesty: with the exception, however, of the chain and badge, he wore the uniform of the Piedmontese ambassador, who had accompanied Mary from France, having only that morning been accepted into the Queen's service.

The stranger's language was remarkable for its tasteful propriety: it was clear, apt, and elegant, insomuch that it was immediately manifest he was possessed of no ordinary talent,

nor of common acquirements; but rich in both to an eminent degree. It was David Rizzio.

When he had received an answer to his enquiries from the host Balwham, he turned to our hero with a degree of familiarity at which the reserve of his Scottish habits, notwithstanding the softening they had received from his English education, rather retreated. He began by remarking, that the town reminded him of Brussels, and enquired if Southennan had ever been there. The reply was of course in the negative, but a little more stingy than perhaps civility towards a stranger required: it was simply "no!"

"Ah!" said Rizzio, "then you have not been yet abroad?"

Southennan smiled, and replied, "The conjecture is not exactly correct, for I have been in France, and have also spent several years in England."

"I might have thought so," said Rizzio, "for you do not wear much of the Scottish look about you."

Southennan was not quite pleased with the

compliment to his country: as it, however, implied the discernment of some superiority in himself, he took no notice of the disparagement, but enquired how Rizzio was pleased with Scotland.

“Bah!” exclaimed the Italian; “it is rich in rocks; the people grimace as if they were eating uncured olives, and the priests are as unmannerly as the winds; five of them, within the hour, have drawn more water from the Queen’s fair eyes, than Eurus could have done in a March morning.”

Although Southennan was of the unreformed church, he was yet too much of a Scotsman to relish the Italian’s sneer at his countrymen, the Protestant clergy; the manner of Rizzio, however, which was playful and easy, took much from the sting of his sarcasms.

They left the Unicorn together, and walked down the street towards the Palace, continuing their conversation, which, as they became better acquainted, grew more interesting to Southennan. By the time they had reached the gate, it may be said that the Italian had wormed himself a

good deal into his intimacy; but still the wariness of Southennan's national character prevented him from explaining more of the object of his visit to Holyrood House, than that he was in search of the Count Dufroy or Chatelard.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“ This is the very extasy of love,  
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
 As oft as any passion under heaven  
 That does afflict our natures.”

SHAKSPEARE.

IN ascending the great stairs of the Palace, much to the delight of Southennan they met Adelaide and the Lady Mary Livingstone descending with a little dog, held by a ribbon, to walk in the gardens. Rizzio being acquainted with the ladies, stopped to speak with them, treating, in the badinage which passed between them, the visit of the divines with even less respect than he had spoken of it to our hero. The Lady Mary Livingstone was still more indignant at their rudeness. With Rizzio it was ridicule and contempt; but with her, anger mingled with dread. Adelaide, who had not

seen the reverend gentlemen, took no part in the conversation, and her silence, which was purely owing to that circumstance, appeared to Southennan delicate and becoming. Before they separated, Rizzio introduced Southennan to them in a light and easy manner, as if it were only to get rid of the embarrassment of allowing him to stand in silence beside them.

In a state of ordinary feeling, the distant civility with which the introduction was accepted by the ladies, would have excited no attention on the part of Southennan; but in the warmth of the sentiment which he had cherished from the first sight of Adelaide, it seemed as if her coldness was marked and repulsive. This notion, the mere offspring of his own interested imagination, served him for a new topic to think of, concerning her. He would have been glad had Rizzio proposed to return with them to the garden; but he had himself spoken so anxiously of his own wish to see the Count Dufroy or Chatelard, that the Italian could not, in civility, propose to accompany the ladies; and thus it happened, that after parting



from them, on the stairs, he ascended with his companion, dissatisfied with himself, to the gallery, where they found the two gentlemen, with other courtiers, French and Scottish, assembled.

On seeing Southennan both the Count and Chatelard came towards him. They had been speaking together ; and the sharp eye of Rizzio discerned that their conversation had been something more lively than the topics of the day were likely to have suggested. It was even so. The Count had been endeavouring to sound his young countryman respecting Adelaide, and had heard with some degree of surprise the fervour of attachment with which he affected to regard her. At the same time it did not displease him ; for Chatelard was well-born, highly accomplished, and possessed of talents which well qualified him to succeed in diplomatic trusts. Accordingly the Count did not repress his strong declarations, but he did not give him any encouragement : so that although their conversation had been earnest and animated, it yet was in no degree conclusive.



After the customary interchange of the compliments of the morning, Southennan informed the Count that he had been introduced by Rizzio to Adelaide, and in saying this, he threw his eyes inadvertently towards Chatelard, as if he expected the intelligence would produce some effect upon him. The Count did the same thing, and both felt something like disappointment, at observing one so enamoured as Chatelard professed to be, hear it with evident indifference. Rizzio, however, the keenest sighted of the three, without being aware of the state of the ground on which he stood, began to rally Chatelard on his want of gallantry towards Adelaide.

Chatelard, conscious of the truth, and apprehensive that his passion for the Queen might also have been discovered, looked a little confused; which Rizzio observing, said, with a particular shrewdness in his eye—

“ But you were too much engaged in your own game of cross purposes, to be aware of how much the onlookers were interested in your play.”

Neither Southennan nor the Count understood the insinuation : it was not so, however, with Chatelard, who became still more confused. He could not, indeed, conceal from himself that his devotion to the Queen had been detected by the acute and sagacious Italian.

But it was not expedient, in the views and purposes of Rizzio, to appear so well acquainted with matters of that kind as he really was. He had not yet established the fulcrum for his own elevation ; he was but casting about for materials to construct it with. The study of character, especially the weaknesses of those about him, constituted, at this period, his principal employment ; and the confusion of Chatelard, assured him that it would not be difficult to find a spring to render him subservient to his designs. Without, therefore, affecting even to suspect the secret of Chatelard, he took him familiarly by the arm, and left the Count and Southennan together.

“ Let us go,” said the Count, “ and join Adelaide in the garden. I wish you to become better acquainted with her ; she is a creature of

every amiable quality, and I'm afraid regards, with more kindness, that Chatelard, than he deserves: for though he speaks of her with more warmth than I think true affection would prompt, I should almost be sorry she preferred him: and yet, néither in his birth, person, nor circumstances, is there aught which could be reasonably objected to. His love for her, I doubt, springs from some calculation of the agency he might convert her to."

"It is curious," replied Southennan, "that I should have formed the same opinion. On our first acquaintance, he was all flames and darts. It may, however, be the nature of your countrymen, Count, to speak lightly of those they love; but it is not in the custom of humanity to speak unnecessarily, which Chatelard, certainly, too much affects. He seemed to wince a little at what the Italian said; but I did not very well comprehend the meaning of it."

By this time they had reached the bottom of the stairs, and were turning towards the garden, when Hughoc made his appearance with a note for his master.

“ I was boun’,” said the boy as he delivered it, “ to fin’ you sleeping or waking ; for it cam frae the Queen’s chamberlain, wi’ an order that by nae manner o’ means was it to be stayed or hindered in the delivery.”

The note was a command, conveyed through the chamberlain, for the young laird to attend the public Reception that night in the palace. His name had on his arrival been reported to the Queen, at a time when some of the old nobles were with her ; and the Earl of Morton being among them, recollected the affair of the Solway Moss, in which Southennan’s father had been made a prisoner, and spoke of him in terms of much commendation, hoping the scion would prove worthy of the stock : orders were in consequence given to command his attendance at the Reception.

## CHAPTER XXX.

“ It is not wise  
To task ourselves above our duties.”

ANONYMOUS.

ON entering the garden, the Count and Southennan saw the ladies at some distance; but as several brilliant groups and other parties were interspersed among the walks and flower plats of the parterre, the Count, not partaking of the eagerness of his young friend to reach Adelaide, conducted him towards her by a circuitous route.

In those days the gardens of Holyrood House consisted of a wide space of several acres, inclosed by a high, rough, stone wall. They were laid out in a stiff, artificial manner, with holly hedges and yew trees cut into different

forms, such as peacocks and unicorns, lions and eagles. The flowers interspersed among the shrubs were then esteemed rare and beautiful, but they consisted of what are now the commonest kinds. The flower beds rose over each other in low successive terraces, and the centre of the garden was so built up in this manner, and crested with a yew-tree shapen into the form of an imperial crown, that it might without much exaggeration have been compared to an ornamental pie. Two fountains, at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, played at each end of the mound, and seats were neatly disposed in different parts on the lawns and beside the fountains. The whole was trimly kept, and for the rudeness of the climate and the age, was not, in its effect, without beauty.

On reaching the ladies, the Count addressed himself particularly to the Lady Mary Livingstone, leaving Southennan to make the best of his own way with Adelaide. But she maintained towards him the same coldness and indifference which he had experienced at his first intro-

duction. Their conversation, in consequence, was abrupt and constrained, until, as it were, almost by an accident Southennan spoke of her father.

“And do you know him?” enquired Adelaide, in a tone of tenderness.

Southennan replied by recounting in what manner he had met him on the moors of Renfrewshire, and the subsequent incidents of their journey to Edinburgh. The interest which she took in the narrative, although not of that strong kind which more familiar affection would have inspired, yet shewed a filial regard for the dangers and misfortunes of her parent, natural and touching to a pathetic degree.

Upon this thesis Southennan began to lay the foundation of his love. He perceived that she was aware of some prejudice or antipathy on the part of the Count Dufroy, to move in the remission of Knockwhinnie’s outlawry, and it seemed to him that he would best promote his own object, by evincing the sincerity of his desire to procure the pardon of her father. In this, though acting from the dictates of his



passion and considerations of humanity, he chose precisely the course that a man of more libertine knowledge would have taken to engage her attention. He lamented in terms that awakened her sympathy the original doubt which hung upon the misfortunes of her mother, of which she had heard for the first time that day, but not with so many particular incidents as Southennan's version of the narrative contained. And he dwelt in a more especial manner on the perils and privations to which her father was exposed. Without any intentional exaggeration of the kindness he had himself shewn to the Outlaw, he also spoke of it in terms that produced an impression in his own favour, while it was calculated to excite a stronger filial interest in Adelaide. Thus, an effect arose from their conversation which the Count could not have anticipated.

Adelaide became tenderly alive to the hazards of her father; and though no image was associated in her mind with the feelings which the name of parent and the story of Southennan awakened, she yet found herself, as it were,

drawn by numberless fibres towards some one whom she pictured to herself for her father.

The Count Dufroy, as he walked on before them, with the Lady Mary Livingstone, engaged in light and general topics befitting the time, looked frequently back to Southennan and Adelaide, gratified to see them apparently so much interested in each other. His affection for her had been truly of the purest parental kind. In her childhood, she had acquired a place in his affections at a time when his heart wanted something to be kind to. Her simple character and extreme loveliness as she grew up, increased the influence of that fond and early charm, until his regard, without one tinge of passion, settled into that mild affection which hath its gratification in cherishing and protecting. No parent could love with more sincerity: but in addition to the pleasing and proud feeling of of the father of so admirable a daughter, a sentiment of pity strengthened and exalted his delight in her. The misfortunes of her natural parents had thrown her adrift on the wide world; and with more than common claims

to parental love and care, she was exposed to feel much from the want of both. His generosity, as well as his affection, was, in consequence, extended over her; and he not only loved her for her worth, but because he had himself been kind to her.

He had also seen in Southennan, though his knowledge was not of an intimate kind, the many excellent qualities which he has been described as possessing. That he preferred his noble ingenuousness to the talents and address of Chatelard, could not be doubted. Magnanimous minds have a natural affinity to each other; and the Count believed, that among the qualities of Southennan, were many of those merits which had been commended as graces in his own youth. He was likewise aware, that the obligations which he had heard in the morning, Knockwhinnie owed to him, rendered it probable that Adelaide could form no connexion in life more agreeable to her father. But while he admitted this sentiment, he wished that Knockwhinnie had no claim, nor right, nor interest, to affect the destiny of Adelaide;

and yet he was almost angry with himself for thinking so : but his heart was rebellious, even while acknowledging that the repugnance which he cherished involuntarily against him, was unjust. It was seemingly a curious and a strange antipathy by which he was actuated ; but is it uncommon ?

## CHAPTER XXXI.

“Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away?  
he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!”—

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SOUTHENNAN lingered in the garden with Adelaide, until it was near the dinner hour at the Unicorn, when he took his leave, promising to pay his respects to her at the Reception in the evening.

The interview, inasmuch as it had enabled him to cultivate some degree of acquaintance, had been pleasing and satisfactory. He had discovered, in the state of her father, an amulet by which he could affect her feelings; or rather, he had excited, on her father’s account, some degree of interest towards himself. But he could not disguise the fact, that she was cold and ab-

sent towards him on all other topics ; and the knowledge of her affections being attracted by Chatelard, made him full of doubt, and affected him with a painful anxiety.

On reaching the Unicorn, he met the host, Balwham, at the door, with a busy look, bustling and impatient for his arrival, the dinner being ready, and the other guests assembled.

The Maister was a little, fat, short personage, with a round bright bald head, small twinkling eyes, and as chubby in the cheeks as a cherub on a tomb-stone. He had a servit or towel under his arm, and a white linen apron, clean from the fold, tied before him. The day being warm, he had doffed his coat, and wore his shirt sleeves. A leathern strap served him for a gir-dle, in which was stuck in a sheath a carving knife and fork ; and a steel for sharpening, somewhat daintily fashioned, hung from it. In other respects, he was dressed after the manner of the better sort of citizens ; and, with red bows in his shoes, he wore also red hosen, which came over his knees, and were tied below them with black garters.

“Come awa’, Southennan! ’Od! but I hae been in a ploutie o’ het water, for fear ye were na coming! And a’ the gentlemen are just wud to see you, and to get their dinner; for I told them that there wasna’ a brawer and a braver than yoursel’ this day in the Court o’ Scotland. Just come in, and I’ll hae up the dishes in a jiffey!”

Southennan was accordingly ushered into the room, where the guests were waiting.

It was a large square apartment, very low in the ceiling, which consisted of but the beams that supported the floor of the incumbent apartments. They were of old dark oak, clumsily carved with flowers and true lovers’ knots. Time had somewhat opened the seams of the floor above; and, to prevent the dust from coming down, they were covered between the beams with strips of paper, dingy and fly-spotted. In one corner stood a huge wardrobe, open; but, instead of being filled with napery and clothes, as befitted its functions, it was garnished with gardevines, drinking-glasses, and blue pitchers of coarse delfware. On the lower shelf stood a

range of wickered flasks of wine, some unopened, and others half empty. Near this wardrobe a long narrow table, higher considerably than usual, was covered with a Dutch table-cloth, on which were set out various articles and utensils, that would be wanted during dinner. Among other things, it exhibited two large masses of butter, on lordly wooden dishes, and a huge cheese, that was almost still entire; together with a plentiful assortment of horn spoons and pewter trenchers.

The dining-table, a spacious circle, stood in the middle of the room; it was also covered with bright Dutch damask. In the centre, a curiously-carved congregation of several salt-cellars and spice-boxes stood, forming an antique ornament, not without beauty. Around this was placed a radiance of pewter spoons, with the handles pointing outward. The circumference without them was formed by a circle of Venetian drinking-glasses, as many as the guests, who, by the preparation of the table, appeared to be expected to the number of a dozen. Four large bright pewter flagons, foaming with ale,



formed the angles of a square on the outside of the drinking glasses. The space between them and the edge of the table was appropriated for the reception of the dishes and the covers of the guests.

The architecture of the table displayed considerable taste, something even of style, every thing was neat, the order was formed with some perception of elegance, and gave good assurance of an abundant entertainment. Nor were the hopes it inspired disappointed.

Maister Balwham himself brought in the first dish—a large cut of boiled salmon, split open, and lying on its back, with the bone, which had been taken out, seasoned and grilled, lying across it, like a baton sinister on a shield of bastardy. Opposite to this majestic dish was placed an equal ashet of crappit heads—an ancient and much approved dainty of the Scottish nation. At right angles were placed, on the one side a capacious tureen of savoury broth, from the centre of which the black muzzle of a singed sheep's head looked up as if breathing; on the other, opposite, a haggis. These were the cardinal

points of the feast. Between them, with an equal attention to symmetry, stood in each space a boiled and roasted fowl on the same plate; flanked, on the one side, by a hecatomb of mutton chops, and on the other a black and white pudding *en saltier*. In the inner space, between this zodiac of substantials, were placed various constellations of tartlets, confections, and other stellar-shaped preserves and comfits. But the pride of the feast was a large haunch of venison, placed upon the sideboard, at which, whetting his carving-knife, the host took his station, to do duty. Looking round with a self-complacent smile of pride and triumph, he called on our hero aloud by name, and requested him to take his seat, the rest of the guests standing until he had done so:—then was the onslaught and the battle.

Besides the host, the guests were attended by some of their own servants. Hughoc waited on his master. But, independent of the gentlemen's servants, there were two others belonging to the house. One of them was a tall, thin, sallow-faced, lank-haired, elderly person, steaming

with perspiration; the other, his wife, a dame of considerable antiquity; she wore a large flannel hood, with long lappets, that swept the covers with their corners as she removed or presented them to the guests. She too, having assisted in the cookery, was not in the coolest condition; but, nevertheless, there was no hindrance in the service, and the guests did justice both to the quantity and the quality of the provender. When the edge had been taken off their appetite, some of them called for wine, and the flasks, which we have before described, were distributed among their respective owners. A fresh unopened one was placed before our hero, and the Venetian goblet, from which he had drank of the ale in the flaggons, served for a vehicle to his wine.

During dinner, a commendable taciturnity was generally observed. The guests, for the most part, were well-born French gentlemen; civil, not only to each other, but polite and even officious in their attention to the Scottish guests among them, some of whom did not appear to be very well acquainted with the uses of the

utensils on the table. They all knew, however, somewhat of the occult purposes of knives and forks, for they cut up the meat into morsels, and then laying down the knife and fork, employed their fingers, according to the most primitive practice, in conveying it to their lips. But, nevertheless, all passed cheerfully, and when the table began to be denuded of its ornaments, there was an evident disposition to hilarity among the French, and something very like domestication and docility among the Scots.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

“ No offence to the general, nor any man of quality ! ”

OTHELLO.

ALTHOUGH the dinner at the Unicorn was not the first of which Southennan had partaken in public, it yet was, in many respects, a novelty to him. In the character of the guests he early perceived there was considerable diversity. The smoothness of the French was engaging and conciliatory ; and the stiff self-opinionated conduct of his countrymen was not disagreeable ; it was even picturesque. Though in the parties themselves there was great solemnity about many things, still it was a solemnity so much above the occasion, that it could not be observed without affording tacit amusement.

Southennan was first made aware of what might justly be called the awkward attempts at

civility on the part of the Scots, by observing that they were rather tolerated by the Frenchmen, than considered upon a par with them. This was particularly the case with a sturdy homespun laird, known to the party by the name of Cornylees, of that ilk.

That gentleman had not benefited, as his own man said of him, “a great deal by the kittle craft o’ the dominie; nor, indeed, was it to be expected that a personage o’ his acres, would tak’ meikle trouble wi’ sic crookit curiosities as the A. B. C.” Cornylees, however, had a great deal of mother-wit. He carried a shrewd eye in his head, and had a mind in his breast that was not without reflection. At home he was a stirring, active, looking-to-all-thing carle. His beasts were about the best, and the best tended in the West country. His servants were buirdly bustling fellows, on jocose terms with himself. No laird of double his means, in all the country side, rode a better horse, or could give to the stranger within his gates, a more hearty round and rough kitchen to his welcome. Cornylees was, indeed, a sort of paragon among the western

lairds; he kept, what was well described by his neighbours—"a het and fu' ha'; few went thither that cam awa' hungry, and they that stood weel on his books, aften experienced the potency o' his cap and stoup."

It was thought that the cost of Cornylees' furthry hospitality led him just as far as his incomings and mail and kain would allow; but there was, in the midst of the hurry and hasty handlings ever about his doors, an order and custom which, though rude in its kind, was efficacious in its consequences. He little heeded the decorum which might have been expected at his place and steading; but there was a limit and restriction put upon the amount of what was in use, which, in the midst of a seeming confusion, prevented any great wastery. In short, the Laird of Cornylees was a ranting, but a shrewd landlord and master; and there was more in the corner of his coffer-kist, when he resolved to pay his respects to the Queen's Majesty, than in the sorted hoards of men of better incomes and more gentility.

He had a considerable dash of humour in his

nature, and great good-will to a practical joke; nor was he ill-pleased when he could bring his friends into a difficulty without much danger. The habits of his life had not, however, greatly qualified him for a courtier of any time, far less for that of a delicate and accomplished queen: but he was not sensible of being in this respect deficient. Like most worthy Scottish country gentlemen, he had a comfortable opinion of his own sagacity, and this tended in no degree whatever to make him diffident of his own powers to please. Yet, to do him justice, he was not more than his compeers likely to overstep the boundaries of respectful behaviour towards his neighbours, though sufficiently jealous of anything like competition with himself from an inferior.

Of Southennan he had before heard, and knew something of the high breeding of his mother, and also of his English education. The pedigree also of Southennan was respectable in the eyes of Cornylees, as well as in that of all the county. He was therefore exceedingly rejoiced at the opportunity of making his ac-



quaintance, which their dining together at the Unicorn afforded. But it happened during dinner, and while the French gentlemen were at table, that he could not approach near enough to Southennan to enter into conversation with him. The obstacle, however, only served to goad his desire to become acquainted with the young Laird; and accordingly, as soon as the cloth was drawn, and the flasks of wine placed orderly on the table, he rose from the place where he was sitting, and going to where Southennan was seated, engaged in conversation with one of the French gentlemen, he pushed his chair in between them, and thinking to make himself better understood by loud speaking, he bawled into the ear of the Frenchman, as if he had been deaf, saying he had a word of confidence to say to Southennan.

The Chevalier, for he was of that rank, was a good deal astonished at the intrusion, but not understanding his language, yielded seemingly to his request by pushing back his chair, while, at the same time, he regarded him with a degree of *fiertè* that, though unobserved by

Southennan, was not unnoticed by the rest of the company.

Cornylees, altogether unconscious of having discomposed any one, or done any thing in the least degree likely to disturb the harmony of the party, introduced himself cordially to Southennan, shook him heartily by the hand, and filling his Venetian goblet from his own flask, which he had brought round from the other side of the table in his hand, chuckled and hobber-nobbed in the most facetious and familiar manner to their better mutual acquaintance, talking to him a great deal about many things which Southennan did not very well understand, further than that he was going in the evening to the Reception at the palace, and proposed that they should go together.

The proposition was not entirely agreeable to Southennan; there was rather, even in that day, too much of the grange and dairy about Cornylees to make him acceptable as a companion to one who was affecting the gallantry and debonair manner of the court. But Corny-

lees was not to be repulsed by any denial so slight as a cold evasion.

“In verity,” said he, “Southennan, ye’ll be surprised, in course now, to see what a pomp I mean to mak mysel’. I hae coft a new suit o’ Genoesy velvet in the shop o’ Bailie Brown, and he tells me, there will no be this night in Holyrood House afore the Queen’s Majesty, in course now, a man o’ my points and bravery.”

While he was thus speaking, the French gentleman whom he had so rudely displaced was waxing more and more indignant, until at length he could no longer repress his choler, but rising, touched Cornylees on the shoulder with the two forefingers of his right-hand, and told him in French, that as he could not speak his language, he would send a friend to know what he intended by the manner in which he had treated him.

Cornylees, who did not understand one word of what he said, gave him a nod, saying, “Very weel, in course now,” with as much coolness as it

was possible for one to do who was answering a civil notice.

Southennan understood what the Chevalier meant, and looked considerably surprised at the equanimity of his new acquaintance, but he was still more amazed when the other said—

“What was ’t yon chap was saying through his nose to me?”

Southennan perceived by this that the Laird was altogether unconscious of having given any offence, and somewhat lightly and jocularly endeavoured to give him an idea that the Frenchman was offended with him; but the intimation was incomprehensible to Cornylees, who continued to rub his hands, drink his wine, and become more and more jovial, until it was time for them to think of returning to their respective lodgings to dress for the Reception.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ Her father was grave Hans Van Herne, the son  
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen  
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.”

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

SOUTHENNAN, attended by his boy, went to his dry lodgings in the house of Mistress Marjory, to which Baldy had previously transported his valise and saddlebags. Hughoc, until they reached the bottom of the stairs, kept at a decorous and page-like distance from his master, but no sooner had he entered to ascend, than he ran close up to him, and cried,

“ Oh, Laird ! what a dreadfu' death is to be done on that gash bodie Cornylees. There's a Frenchman yon'er whom ane o' the servant-men tell't me he heard him say to anither o' the outlandish gentlemen, that this very night, if it

were at the black hour o' midnight, he would send day-light through his body !”

Southennan was startled at this intelligence. It accorded with what he had apprehended, and he became anxious to extricate, if possible, the Laird from the scrape into which he had unconsciously fallen, and would have immediately returned in quest of him, but the time pressed. However, he ordered Hughoc to go to Cornylees, and request him to remain, without seeing any one whatever, until he could come to him.

An errand of this sort was congenial to the genius of Hughoc, and he made but light steps in quitting his master to deliver the message.

Southennan, a good deal troubled, ascended the stairs, repining at the vexatious accidents in which he had become involved since he left his paternal mansion.

He was not quite satisfied with himself: he thought that some of his perplexities were owing to the facility of his own temper, and before he reached the top of the stairs, being discontented with himself, was little inclined to be well disposed towards any other person. In this humour

he knocked at the door, and was admitted by his servant Baldy, dressed, to his surprise, much more sprucely than usual. He, however, took no notice of it, conceiving that probably Baldy had done so to do honour to himself in proceeding to the Reception. Accordingly, with only some slight order concerning his own apparel, he walked into his room, where he found Father Jerome also dressed with more than ordinary care. He had not calculated on the attendance of the venerable chaplain, and his appearance had the effect of really disconcerting him.

“How is it, good Father,” said he, “that you are thus apparelled in your holiday garb?”

Father Jerome replied modestly, “I am going with the Bishop of Glasgow to do homage to the Queen’s Majesty.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Southennan. “I had understood it was not deemed desirable that she should receive the churchmen with any particular distinction. I should have been as well pleased, Father Jerome, had you not been so forward in the proffer of your devoirs.”

There was in this something of a querulous tone unwonted in the usual suavity of the young Laird's manners towards the old man, and Father Jerome was hurt by its severity. Southennan had heard of the rudeness with which the reformed ministers had treated her Majesty in the morning, and being well aware of the delicacy of her situation between them and the clergy of the old faith, was averse that his chaplain should take any particular part in their controversies. He thought, like all others not spirited by party zeal, that it would be as well, in the circumstances of the kingdom, that the Queen should be exposed to as little molestation as possible by the religious champions of either side. This feeling, with that which he had brought with him from the Unicorn, and which Hughoc's tidings had excited, made him say to Father Jerome, rather harshly, that he had better abide where he was, and let the bishop go as he thought fit.

Baldy, who was present during this brief colloquy, here interposed with the freedom which



the habits of long service almost justified, and said—

“We are weel assured that our apparition will be maist acceptable to the Queen’s Majesty, after the grievous insolence she was obliged this morn-  
ing to endure at the hands o’ Doctor Glossar and the ither heretics.”

“We!” exclaimed Southennan; “then you are dressed to go with Father Jerome. At least I shall control you. Hold yourself in readiness to attend me. If Father Jerome chooses to make himself what he has never been before, a party to these religious strifes and heresies, he shall not be countenanced by me or any one of my household.”

This language, and the manner in which it was expressed, equally confounded honest Baldy and the Chaplain. They looked at one another, and inquired as intelligently as their eyes could ask, if it were possible Southennan could, in the brief space of a forenoon, be tainted in the purity of his faith; but they made no audible observation. Baldy retired to prepare his master’s

apparel, and Father Jerome sat confused and dejected.

In this crisis Mistress Marjory, who had not before seen her new lodger, came into the room with something much more familiar in her manner than the young and somewhat irritated gallant was exactly prepared for ; moreover, the description of her long and lean figure, which he had received in the morning from Hughoc, had not prepared him for such a phenomenon as then appeared before him.

Mistress Marjory was a woman of family—she could count kin with more than one Earl, and her kith among the gentry was without number. How, then, could she do less than pay her respects to the Queen's Majesty, though necessity and the wrongous times of the Queen Dowager's regency had reduced her to the necessity of letting her rooms to the quality. It thus happened that she was arrayed in all her paraphernalia for the Reception.

Her head-dress was stupendous: on the top stood a mighty pile of lace bows, that had been worn by her grandmother at the ball at

which King James the IV. danced with the Lady Heron, before the fatal field of Flodden. Lappets of curious needle-work, rich and dingy, and of more recondite antiquity, streamed behind. A vast drapery of the like curiously-worked lace and cambric hung at her elbows. Her waist was an inverted cone, studded with beads and buttons, and her other garments, of a venerable brocade, were "in longitude sorely scanty." She held in her hand a fan of peacock-feathers, that had dispersed the sighs of many a knight who had knelt at the feet of the gorgeous dames of other years.

After welcoming her new lodger with many congees and dignified alamoses of her lofty head, she, in pleasing and soft accents, told him that she had heard he was going that night to the Reception at the Palace, and she would have the felicity of bearing him company. This was more than he was quite prepared for: he had resolved to set his cap for higher game, and to make his appearance with such a faded effigy of departed pomp, was not within the compass of his good-nature to think possible.

He looked at the lady with astonishment; he then surveyed her figure from head to foot with visible alarm; and suddenly rousing himself from the indecision which had infected him, he said decisively—

“Madam—Father Jerome goes to the Reception. I am already engaged.”

Mistress Marjory made no answer; but seating herself in a chair, looked unutterable things. Anon she began to clap with her hands, and to ruff with her protruded heels, till a violent hysterical cry of mortification burst from her, at which Southennan, unable to preserve his habitual serenity, hastily retired to his own room.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"It had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature."

CYMBELINE.

By the time Southennan was dressed for the Palace, his boy had returned from Cornylees; and, according to his report, that stalwart personage was in considerable amazement at the message, and had informed him that he was not well in his room, after Southennan had left him, when a French gentleman, whom he had never seen before, came to him, talking most vehemently to some effect, of which he did not understand one word.

Our hero was at no loss to comprehend the object of the Frenchman's visit. Desiring Baldy

and Hughoc to follow him, and to give him their attendance to Holyrood House, he hastened to the lodgings of Cornylees, which happened to be next door to the Unicorn.

On reaching his chamber, he found him dressed in his new suit of Genoese velvet, which, either by some defect in the making, or some contrariety in the Laird's habits, unaccustomed to such fine array, sat uneasy upon him.

“Ods-sake, Southennan,” said he, “but I’m blithe, in course now, to see you. Never had honest man such a peck o’ troubles as I hae gotten ! Here is a costly suit of cla’es, such as never was, in course now, on the back o’ one o’ the breed o’ our family before. I darena’ tell the price o’ t; but it’s sae saft and fine, that I’m just terrified to use or sit down in’t, as if it were made o’ egg-shells: but that’s naething, in course now, to what I have met wi’. Ye werena’ weel gane, when in cam’ a worricow o’ a Frenchman, wi’ a tousy black head, a yellow face, and a nose the shape o’ an owlet’s neb. He was very weel-bred at first, and spoke, in course now, wi’ an air really very much like a

gentleman; but I told him, wi' equal politesse, that I didna' understand him, whereupon he began to speak louder and louder, till at last he roared like a lion in my lug, and shook his twa hands at me, showing me his loofs, as if he daur't me, in course now, to say they werena' clean. What could be the meaning of such loquacious mumming?"

Southennan explained to him, that he apprehended the chevalier who sat next to him at dinner, had been in some manner offended by the way in which he had displaced him; indeed, that he had heard as much, and was anxious to see him before any other person, to prevent a quarrel.

"It 's no' a possibility," said Cornylees, "that I could offend him: wasna' he done wi' his dinner, and hadna' I, in course now, something particular to say to you. A' that I did, was just shoving him a bit out o' the gait to let me in next till you: thae maun be thin-skinned that would make a quarrel, in course now, about a civility o' that kind."

Our hero endeavoured to convince him, that

the fashions, both at Paris and in London, regarded such things as unbecoming; and that, since he was conscious of displacing the chevalier, he had as well authorize him, as he did not speak French himself, to make an apology for the unintended, and as it were, really accidental offence.

“ Me ask his pardon ! ” exclaimed the astonished Cornylees, “ I ’ll just, in course now, as soon chap aff this, my right hand, wi’ an axe, as do any such cowardly thing ! ”

“ Then,” replied Southennan, “ you must fight him. You cannot escape the duello, or you will be shunned by every body. It will be impossible even for me to speak to you again.”

“ Keep us a’ ! ” cried Cornylees, in a consternation ; “ and is this court manners ? He may just do as he likes, but I ’ll fight none.”

While they were thus speaking, the French gentleman returned, with Rizzio to act as his interpreter. Southennan was glad to see Rizzio; and being anxious to extricate Cornylees as soon as possible, began at once to explain to Rizzio and the Frenchman, that his friend was totally



unconscious of having given the chevalier any offence; and begged the good offices of Rizzio to make the matter up.

“ My friend here,” said he, “ has lived all his days in the west country, a region not distinguished for debonair customs; and the little rudeness which he may unintentionally have committed, ought rather to be ascribed to our particular manners, than to any feeling of disrespect on his part.”

Rizzio at once saw the true merits of the case, and found no great difficulty in making the French gentleman understand them: but in doing so, he happened to turn round to Southennan, and enter a little more largely than the occasion required, on the rude and barbarous manners of the Scotch. As this happened to be said in language of which Cornylees comprehended the meaning, he grew exceedingly wroth at Rizzio, and a quarrel between them appeared to be inevitable. Rizzio, however, retained his coolness and self-possession so completely, that he regarded the noise and baying of the west country laird, with feelings

of as little deference as if he had been an angry cur.

Southennan was greatly perplexed, and wist not well for sometime what to do. At last he addressed the French gentleman, and requested him to explain to the Chevalier how little there was, either of design or disrespect, in what Cornylees had done, and to beg him to overlook the matter entirely, and to assure him that it was wholly owing to his ignorance of the usages of society that had led him into the commission of his unintentional rudeness. The Frenchman was indeed, by this time, quite aware of the propriety of Southennan's explanation, and was not a little diverted at the violent altercation between Rizzio and Cornylees. However, he took his leave, promising to pacify his friend, and to make him acquainted with the character and habits of Cornylees. In so far the affair was happily ended; but Rizzio remained behind, and seated himself in cool contempt of the rage of Cornylees.

The contrast which the serene, gaudy, self-possessed Italian presented to the agitation of

the Laird, as well as the apprehension which the latter felt for his velvet dress, as he rampaged through the room, rendered Southennan unable to keep his gravity; in so much, that he was at last constrained to laugh heartily, to the astonishment of the indignant Cornylees, who began to suspect that the whole affair was a little more extravagant than the occasion required. He was, however, constitutionally a good-natured man. The idea had an instantaneous effect on his behaviour, and, bridling his wrath at once, he went cordially towards Rizzio, holding out his hand, saying—

“I’m thinking, Sir, there are, in course now, twa fules o’ us.”

“There is one,” replied Rizzio, and coolly stooping forward, examined the proffered hand a little curiously.

The wrath of Cornylees was on the point of blazing up afresh at this contumely. But Rizzio, with the address and dexterity of his character, instantly repressed the flame, by smiling good-humouredly in Cornylees’ face, and warmly shaking him by the hand. So the mat-

ter ended, and Cornylees proposed that they should all proceed to the Reception together, where, as he said, he would make friends with the French gentleman that was so skinless in his politesse. Rizzio, however, was obliged to decline the proposal, saying, that as he was of the Queen's train, it was necessary he should be there before the hour appointed for the Reception; and after some further interchanges of courtesies he went away.

“ Weel,” said the Laird to Southennan, “ that ’s a pawkie loon, or I ’m, in course now, mista’en. Did ye see how upsetting it was towards me; the creature, a mere fiddling adventurer, to mak so light, in course now, o’ me, a stated gentleman, come o’ ane of the ancientest families in the shire o’ Renfrew !”

Thus early was the true character of Rizzio penetrated by the shrewd common sense of the rough diamonds of Scotland. The influence of his adroit manners, and his acute perception of the dispositions and qualities of others, enabled him to disarm the rudeness which his contempt of them provoked; but their antipathy to him

both as an alien and a man, with their conscious inferiority in the arts of pleasing he could not extinguish. It lay in their hearts like embers in ashes, and was ready, on the slightest provocation, to burn and blaze again.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

“ 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you ; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.”

HAMLET.

SOUTHENNAN had scarcely left his lodgings to go to Cornylees, when a message came from the Abbot of Kilwinning requesting Father Jerome to come to him immediately. The old man, as in duty bound, instantly obeyed the summons, and Baldy, thinking there would be time enough for him to lend Father Jerome his arm in walking to the Abbot's lodgings before he would be required to accompany his master to the Palace, prepared to do so. Accordingly, leaving Mistress Marjory to recover from her hysterics, they left the house together.

In descending to the street they found an unusual stir and bustle, and a flowing of the multitude towards the Palace. The halberdiers, in their Sunday suits, with Johnnie Gaff at their head, were standing at the door of the clerk's chamber, waiting to attend the Provost, Bailies, and Counsel, who were going in state to the Reception. Many of the shops were shut, and the people were in their best attire. It was a cheerful and lively sight. But when Father Jerome appeared, leaning on the arm of Baldy, the good-humour of the crowd became a little harsh. At first, passage was freely afforded to the old man. His papistical garb was, however, displeasing to many of the spectators, and before he reached the Abbot's door, there was both shouts and yells raised against him, and more than one handful of mire had sullied his robe. This Father Jerome himself endured with patience. He merely pitied the misled and erring multitude, and spoke, as it were prophetically, of the time being at hand when they would return to their old pastors and folds.

Baldy had less of the spirit of martyrdom.

His temper was naturally brittle; and the profound reverence in which he held the Romish religion, made him feel with indignation the revilings with which the venerable chaplain was assailed. He, however, said nothing, but walked as briskly as the old man could go with him to the house wherein the Abbot resided. Here, when the door was opened, and Father Jerome safe within, Baldy halted on the steps, before entering, and addressed the crowd.

“Ye hae had,” said he, “for some time the power in your ain hands, but I trow misrule is coming to an end.”

At these words a huge clash of mire was thrown from the crowd, and shut Baldy’s mouth. It would have been as well, both for himself and others, had the matter ended here; but the bravery with which he had spoken struck some of the most observant of his auditors, and they made their own comments upon that circumstance.

For some time previous the unreformed priesthood had moved with humility and moderation. They saw that the tides of the time were against



them, and conducted themselves, under the reproaches of the Protestants, in such a manner as to save themselves from any particular disparagement or obloquy. This, however, applied only to those who frequented the great towns. In the neighbourhood of their own abbeys and monasteries they still exercised their wonted arrogance, even perhaps more decidedly than when they were in less danger; and Baldy being bred up in the country, and favourable to the papistical cause, was little prepared to brook the rough treatment he had received. The effect of his bold attempt to harangue the mob, raised an opinion in the crowd that the Catholics were encouraged to make a stand. This notion spreading, the zealots began to think it would be expedient to let them know how little this would be permitted. Thus it came to pass, when it was known that many of the ancient churchmen were assembling at the lodgings of the Bishop of Glasgow to go with him to Court, that the multitude went off in the same direction to give them some taste of their temper.

Father Jerome was conducted into the Abbot's room, a dark, lofty chamber, wainscoted with oak, richly carved with mitres, armorial shields, and other ensigns and emblems of ecclesiastical dignity. A massy table stood in the middle of the room with implements for writing, and a huge chased brazen ink-stand in the centre. Around the room were several large chairs, covered with black leather, each of them capaciously formed for the reception of no ordinary corpulency.

The abbot himself was not in the room when Father Jerome was shown in, but one of his chaplains, a little dried sallow-visaged friar, received him, and requested him to be seated, while he went to make his arrival known.

Father Jerome was not allowed to remain long by himself; a shrill bell was rung in an inner apartment, and presently two tall elderly friars came out, and stood at each side of the door. Then came a third, bearing a silver mace, on the top of which, an emblem of the Abbey, sat a figure of the Virgin and Child. Then came the Abbot himself, a capacious, tall, majestical person, with a hoary flowing beard,

dressed in his pontificals, wearing the mitre of his order.

Father Jerome, still tingling with the humiliation to which he had been subjected, beheld the gorgeous appearance of the Abbot with mingled awe and dread. He approached him, however, and lifting the hem of his garment, kissed it with profound veneration, while the Abbot laid his hand upon his head and pronounced a brief benediction.

“ I have sent for you,” the Abbot then said, “ to accompany me to the house of the Bishop of Glasgow. I expect certain others of our west country clergy; for the time has come when we should show the reprobates, that they are not always to domineer over us in the way they have of late done.”

Father Jerome, with great humility, expressed his apprehension, that in the present temper of the people, it might be as well to postpone any outward demonstration of their confidence in the religion of the Queen’s Majesty, until the councils of the kingdom had time to set the realm more in order.

“ Ah ! ” cried the Abbot, “ it is such time-serving that has proved our ruin ; unless we now show that we have courage and confidence in our ability, to meet our adversaries face to face, there will be but little amendment in our condition. The Queen is a woman young in years, and will, no doubt, be ruled by those that get nearest about her. But, Father, it is in your power at this time to be a great instrument in the restoration of the rights of the Church. It has been observed, that Southennan has, in a very surprizing manner, speedily become acquainted with some of those who have the private ear of the Queen, and we look to your instrumentality to turn this blessed accident to an efficacious account.”

The Abbot then waved with his hand to his attendants to retire, and seating himself, desired Father Jerome to take a chair beside him. He then began to explain to the old man in what way he should exert his influence over Southennan. The consternation of the Abbot was, however, extreme, when Father Jerome replied:

“ I doubt, my Lord Abbot, if what you advise

is within the compass of any power of mine. In sooth to say, I have within the hour had great cause to fear that Southennan has received an infection of the new hēresies, that will mar the hope I had in him. Prudent and judicious he is for so young a man, and I do not say he has lent himself to the sedition of our enemies ; but if it be, my Lord Abbot, as you say, that he has formed intimacies with courtiers in the confidence of the Queen's Majesty, I doubt it is not to be the fashion at Court to take up our cause in any determined manner."

The Abbot told him, that certainly it had been the intention of the Queen's Majesty to act an even part between the old and the new clergy ; but that she had been that morning greatly insulted by the reformed ministers, and it was thought if the matter were well handled, she would be brought, in consequence, to make a braver demonstration towards the right cause. Some farther discourse took place on the same subject, and ultimately the interview ended by the Abbot consenting, on the earnest exhortation of Father Jerome, to go without the ostentation of his pontificals to the Bishop of Glasgow.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ Oh, ye mitred heads  
Preserve the church ! ”

COWPER.

AT this interesting epoch many of the nobles and great characters of the state were in Edinburgh, and, according to the custom of the age, they had all numerous trains of armed men in attendance. This circumstance, considering the religious controversies among them, might have endangered the tranquillity of the city, but with a forbearance rare in the history of Scottish contentions, they simultaneously, without any compact, agreed in deference to the festival of the Queen's arrival, to lay the strictest injunctions on their retainers to preserve the public peace.

Thus it happened, that when the crowd ran

from the Abbot of Kilwinning's house, yelling and shouting towards the lodgings of the Bishop of Glasgow, an accident occurred which, at any other time, would have been the cause of riot and bloodshed. The Earl of Glencairn, one of the most distinguished leaders among the champions of the Reformation, was then proceeding towards Holyrood House with a numerous retinue of armed followers, and immediately behind him came the Lord Torphican, a Catholic, also in the same manner numerously attended. The two noblemen, and their respective principles and characters, were well known to the crowd, who, observing them quietly proceeding together, were daunted in their riotous intentions, and still more awed when the Lord Glencairn, seeing the disposition to tumult that was in the multitude assembled before the Bishop's gate, directed his men to halt there, and to repress every symptom of insubordination. By this well-timed decision on the part of that eminent Protestant, the peace of the city was preserved, the Abbot of Kilwinning with Father Jerome were quietly without ostentation allowed to join

the Bishop's party, and the whole assemblage of the clergy convened there, were suffered to proceed with their customary paraphernalia to the Palace.

Nevertheless, it was plain to them all, that, as they owed their protection to Glencairn, the hearts of the people had deserted them for ever. Instead, therefore, of the arrogant anticipations with which they had formed the design of their procession, they advanced with lowly countenances and mortified feelings. It was observed, that many of them had a look of dejection, even of grief, and that, although a few of the prelates and higher clergy still held themselves with a proud port and an undaunted eye, ye the whole presented something of discomfiture and a consciousness of being only tolerated by some forbearance of their adversaries.

The hazard of disturbance to the festivity of the Reception being thus prevented, the Queen had no cause to regret that evening any seeming want of unanimity among the people.

In the meantime, Baldy, having left Father Jerome with the Abbot, safe in the lodgings of



the Bishop of Glasgow, returned to Mrs. Marjory's, for Hughoc, in order that they might together attend their master to the Palace.

On knocking at the door he was surprized to be admitted by the old gentlewoman herself, still in full dress. Hughoc, she informed him, had been restless and camstarie, and would not be counselled by her.

"He's gane," said she, "in despite o' my counsel to seek for Southennan; wha, to tell you the truth, Mr. Archibald, is no the gentleman ye said he was. He's a prejinct upsetter, and if he's o' the right faith, he has an ill way o' showing it. I'm sure, had my cousin Auchebrae no been under a cloud, and he has the double o' a' the estate of Southennan, he would hae treated me in a very different manner. But, Mr. Archibald, what can he want wi' you and the laddie Hughoc thegither? It's just a vanity. Let the laddie gang till him, and mak a kirk and a mill o' what they would be at; but I'll lay my commands baith as a gentlewoman and as an auld acquaintance frae the time o' your former maister, that ye gang wi' me for a protection."

Baldy had been so little satisfied with his master's conduct all day, that he was very much inclined to let him know that the man could do without the master, and, accordingly, he said to Mistress Marjory, if she thought she needed his protection, he would stretch a point to attend her. The offer was gladly accepted; and with her towering toupees, short petticoats, and tall red morocco leather high-heeled shoes, she soon sallied forth, (followed by Baldy,) carrying her feather fan in the one hand, and her sack (as the reticule was called in those days), hanging by a red ribbon from her wrist.

Surely that day had been ordained to be one full of tribulations, to Baldy as well as to his master. Scarcely had Mistress Marjory emerged from her stairs into the street, followed by him, when a shoal of irreverent urchins gathered around her. At first they were respectful and audible in their admiration of her stature and finery, animated by a due respect for the consideration she derived from the attendance of Baldy. They followed her accordingly down the street, with all manner of

apparent dutifulness; but as she reached the Nether Bow, a change came over their spirit.

An old woman, one Widow Sybows, who kept a huxtry shop near the Gate, beholding the pomp of Mistress Marjory's appearance, came running out and stopped her.

"Dear me," said Widow Sybows, "but ye're in your best the night, Mistress Marjory! and it's, considering the stramash in the streets, a gay thing that I hae seen you; for it'll no' lie in my power, on account o' the daffing that's amang our lasses, to send you, this night, the capons and the kipper that I promised."

"Woman," exclaimed Mistress Marjory, "keep your distance: don't you see that I am going to pay my devoirs to the Queen's Majesty."

"Hech, Sirs," replied the widow, nettled, "but the Queen's Majesty must be scant o' leddies when she needs such an auld papistical as you."

Mrs. Marjory well knew the import of this insult; but she held her head in a dignified and lofty position, and walked on through the Gate

as if inaccessible to molestation. It chanced, however, that the streets of Edinburgh were not then so well paved as they have been since, in consequence of which, as she was stately stepping forward, the heel of one of her lofty red toppling shoes, went into a crevice in the causeway, in such a manner that she fell down upon the breadth of her back, and so was rendered totally unfit to proceed towards the Palace. The accident itself was solemn and affecting; and its solemnity was increased by another occurrence which happened most unexpectedly at the same crisis.

The Provost, Bailies, and Counsellors, were coming down the street with the halberdiers before them, and Johnnie Gaff seeing what had happened to so splendid a lady, turned round, and said to the Provost, "My lord, here's a stoppage *in transity*. A gentlewoman, somewhat scant in her wyliecoat, has had a sederunt on the causeway stanes. Poor leddy, she's had a cauld seat: I hope she's met wi' nae detriment *a posteriori*!"

The Provost was exceedingly indignant that

the city pageantry should be interrupted by such an incident, and called aloud, "Halberdiers, proceed!" The procession accordingly moved on, but past Bailie Brown, who had discovered an old friend in the unfortunate Mistress Marjory, stepped forward, and whispered to the Provost that she was a relation of his own.

"The good of my country," said the Provost, "must not suffer interruption from kith or kin of mine. Halberdiers and Johnnie Gaff, just go on as fast as you can, and let the ledly take her own way of it."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

—————“ I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
 Not paying us a welcome.”

SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT the time when the mishap at the Nether Bow befel Mistress Marjory, and impeded the progress of the city dignitaries to the Palace. Southemman and Cornylees left the lodgings of the latter also to proceed thither. We have already said that something had so affected our hero as to make him not altogether in the best humour with the incidents of the day.

Hughoe had come to him as directed, with eyes and ears ready for every hint upon which he might be missioned, but the non-appearance at the proper time of Baldy troubled him. In

truth, the conduct of that worthy, both during the journey and subsequent to their arrival in Edinburgh, had been far from satisfactory, and his master not only regretted that he had brought him, but also that he had brought Father Jerome. Indeed, he could never well account to himself how it was that Father Jerome had come at all, and this very circumstance made him repine at being burdened with the old man. With Hughoc he was content. The boy shewed himself possessed of a degree of sagacity and shrewdness far beyond the high opinion his master had previously entertained of him; but Southennan could not be insensible, that with all his adroitness, he was more interested in the enjoyment which he himself received from the incidents of his duty than from the performance of the duties themselves. This however he was good-naturedly disposed to overlook; but there were certain things essential to his own comfort and importance, the neglect of which he was less willing to pardon.

After waiting some time with Cornylees in expectation of Baldy, the patience of our hero

became exhausted, and he proposed that they should, without further delay, proceed to the Reception, telling Hughoc at the same time, to provide links, and to be ready to conduct them home. Accordingly, the two lairds proceeded together, and reached the Nether Bow just at the moment when the magistrates were stopped by the mishap of Mrs. Marjory.

Southennan was little inclined to press through the crowd. He felt perfectly sensible of his own insignificance in the midst of a town multitude, and was desirous of quietly threading his way through the throng, without exposing himself to particular observation. It was not so with Cornylees: he was a man who stood high in his own opinion; he was dressed in a costly garb for the occasion; the wine he had drank and the bustle in which his quarrel had engaged him had raised his spirits; in a word, he was no mean man at that conjuncture in his own opinion, and, in consequence, was little disposed to seek his way tamely onward: but in proportion to his impetuosity he was repulsed. However, at last he threaded the crowd, and with



his companion, attended by Hughoc, reached the portal of the Palace without further molestation.

They ascended the great stairs together along with other gentlemen who were hastening to pay their respects to the Queen, who had as yet not emerged from her private apartments.

It happened, that on reaching the landing-place Southennan met with the Count Dufroy and Chatelard, who were pressing forward in the throng to reach the gallery in time for the Queen's appearance. Forgetting in the moment his companion Cornylees, he entered into conversation with them, and was gradually drawn on in the crowd, leaving the laird behind to shift for himself.

Few situations are more disagreeable than that in which Cornylees found himself. He was alone in the midst of a crowd, in which all his habits and endeavours in vain encouraged him to think himself a superior. He soon perceived that his habiliments, notwithstanding their costliness to him, were but ordinary compared with the garbs of many around him, and he

Register

felt that he was out of his accustomed element, and not exactly in circumstances of equality even with some of those whom he was somehow disposed to consider as his inferiors. But what he felt strongest of all was being deserted, as he regarded it, by Southennan, and deserted too for foreigners, towards whom there could be no reason for such particular partiality. He was thus completely discomposed, and rendered unable to practise that self-confidence in the courtly circle which he had flattered himself, and had indeed boasted, he should perform with great eclat.

But though disconcerted and alone, he was yet too confident in himself to be much disturbed; and thus it happened, when in looking round, he beheld the Chevalier whom he had offended standing in the crowd, he pressed towards him, and as far as look and manner went, indicated that he regarded him as an old acquaintance. The Frenchman recognised him at once, and acknowledged the previous acquaintance with cold civility. This Cornylees did not very well understand, and pressed still closer

towards the Chevalier, who, on his part, retired and avoided him as much as he possibly could do.

The Laird had never been placed in such an unpleasant predicament before. Imperfect as his experience was, he had tact enough to perceive that he was shunned, and his chagrin was exaggerated by the thought, that foreigners dared to treat him with such contumely in the very halls of his own sovereign. This discomfort, however, was not peculiar to Cornylees; many of the other Scotch gentlemen were similarly situated, and felt equally indignant, without knowing wherefore: an effect of some obscure consciousness of inferiority in themselves.

The crowd moved on, and Cornylees soon after, entering the door of the gallery, found himself more at large, and near again to our hero, whom he immediately rejoined.

Southennan, like most young men on such an occasion, perceived that the Genoa velvet did not sit smoothly on Cornylees. He discovered something uncouth and awkward in his manners, an impress that was anything but in accordance

with the air of a court, and in consequence was little disposed to encourage his familiar address. He did not, however, cast him coldly off, he only did what was equivalent to the same thing; he put on the mask of a stranger's countenance, was civil, very civil, but his civility wanted that couthiness which better accorded with the disposition of Cornylees than ceremony.

“This is strange breeding,” said the Laird to himself; “before we came up the stair, there could no’ be a more friendly and jocose companion. What the Deevil’s come o’er him now! His face looks as friendly as ever, but there is a foreign softness in his language that would fain mak me trow he scarcely kent me. It may be court manners; but, in course now, its no gude manners: that say I.”

A whirl in the crowd brought Cornylees again to a distance from Southennan, and close to Rizzio. This seemed a happy accident. Rizzio recognised him at once, seemingly with a pleasant old friendly freedom. The Laird rejoiced in the cordial recognition; but while they were speaking, another press of the crowd separated them,

and Rizzio was brought immediately beside the Earl of Morton, who familiarly, for the first time, saluted him by the name of "Dauvit," a circumstance which the sharp-sighted Italian instantly turned to his own advantage, and with that address and ingenuity, of which he was so perfect a master, he endeavoured to conciliate the attention and good-will of Morton. Cornylees, who knew not the rank or consideration of Rizzio's patron, pressed again forward, but to his great amazement, the countenance of the Italian was now changed: he did not altogether affect not to know the Laird, but he looked at him with reserve and surprize, and answered his questions in monosyllables, while he whispered satirical things of him to the Earl, who, without much regard to the effect, laughed loudly, and turned his eyes upon the disconcerted worthy of Renfrewshire, as if he had been a thing of some inferior and uncouth nature.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“ Give first admittance to the ambassadors.”

HAMLET.

MANY of the Scottish gentry were, on the night of that Reception, as much out of their element as Cornylees, and the uneasy feeling which they had in consequence, was ascribed by none of them to their own unaccustomed habits. The foreigners were, in their eyes, alone to blame. They were regarded as encouraged in their supercilious manners by the Queen; and poor Mary, on the very evening of her greatest triumph, was viewed, by those who were loudest in their loyalty, with distrust.

For some time the irksome sensibility of Cornylees was overwhelmed by the interest which the approach of the papistical dignitaries, with the Bishop of Glasgow at their head, excited. He was not exactly of the reformed Church; in

truth, he had very little partiality for any sect of clergy at all ; but the air of the Reformation had been breathed upon him, and he saw that by the demolition of the pride of the ancient clergy, the consequence of the stated gentry, as they were called, would be augmented ; and therefore it might be said that he was in some measure a partisan of the Reformation : he regarded the Romish dignitaries, on this occasion, as assuming a degree of consideration in the state to which they were not entitled, and this served to irritate his peevishness, already sufficiently offended.

The condition into which he had been cast by the dryness of Southennan, and the more marked and sudden estrangement of Rizzio, ill qualified him to look with indifference on the veneration paid to the clerical procession by the servants and officers of the Palace. They compelled him to stand aside, while the Bishop of Glasgow and the dignitaries of his company were ushered on towards the chamber where they were to be admitted into the presence of the Queen, and with others of the same humour he thought this preference great derogation, inso-

much that he even complained aloud of it ; nor were there wanting around him echoes to his discontent.

Scarcely had the ecclesiastical pageant passed on, when the magistrates of the city were announced. They were all godly men of the Reformation, but it happened that on entering the portal they had been stopped by the guards for a short time, merely to prevent a pressure until the churchmen had ascended the stairs, a circumstance which vexed one and all of them. They thought it was a slight intentionally cast upon the city in their persons, and were in consequence indignant. They all spoke loudly against the audacity of the Papists; and past Bailie Brown did not scruple to observe, that it was a shame they should be permitted to show their faces in a protestant court. The Dean of Guild gently admonished him to speak low, for he should reflect that the Queen herself was known to be of a papistical nature.

At this seditious crisis a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of Her Majesty. The doors of the presence-chamber were thrown open,



and Mary, attended by her ladies, the most beautiful daughters of the land, came forward, led by her then favorite brother, the Prior of St. Andrews, who for the occasion, as it was thought, appeared in a secular garb. In the train of her Majesty several of the old and most esteemed counsellors and nobles of her mother, the late Regent, came forward. Whether this was by accident or command, they consisted nearly in equal numbers of the professors of the reformed and old religion. But it was soon discovered and whispered through the throng, that there was one more of the papists than of the reformed gentry. This, however, was not very clear to those who, like Cornylees, were still at a distance from the door of the presence-chamber; Southennan, however, who was considerably farther advanced, saw that it was so, and saw also with the same uneasiness, arising from another cause, that the gentlemen in her Majesty's suite were, with the exception of the great officers of state and those ancient nobles who could have no meaner place, all her French courtiers; and that Chatelard in a conspicuous manner attached himself with an unbe-

coming freedom to Adelaide. This particular circumstance induced him to hang back, and to allow the greater part of the crowd to pass on to her Majesty before him. It thus came to pass that he was again brought beside Cornylees, whose dire dissatisfaction at all he heard and witnessed could with difficulty be restrained from being loudly expressed.

In the meantime Mary was receiving, with her best graciousness, the heartless homage of the crowd, until the head of the ecclesiastical procession reached the door of the presence-chamber, when a sudden pause took place in the ceremonial.

The lords and attendants immediately around the Queen, retired behind her, and left her Majesty prominently in the fore-ground—a profound silence pervaded all the assembled throng—the expectation of some extraordinary incident was visible in every countenance. The Queen alone appeared unchanged and self-possessed. After a short hesitating pause, the Bishop of Glasgow stepped forward, followed by the other prelates and dignitaries who at-

tended him. Mary looked calmly on them as they approached; and when the Bishop was come before her, she gracefully held out her hand, which he kissed, kneeling at the same time. Before he had well recovered his erect position, she stepped a little aside to indicate that his homage was performed, and she again presented her hand, in the same manner, to the Abbot of Kilwinning, next in order. In this manner, without any particular demonstration of preference, she received the Roman clergy.

Immediately after them, almost as it were in their train, a party of the reformed clergy followed. At their head was old Mr. Allison, whom she had so distinguished in the morning, and recollecting his mild, pale, and thoughtful countenance, as well as the personal compliments he had paid to herself, she forgot at the moment the invidious eyes which were then upon her, and smiled with particular graciousness as the old man drew near.

The incident attracted universal attention, and the happiest auguries were drawn from it by the protestants. Immediately, however, be-

hind Mr. Allison, came the dark and austere Dr. Glossar, who also had not been forgotten in her recollection of the morning audience; and, unfortunately, she received him coldly and proudly, and withheld from him the wonted condescension of her hand.

It were needless to descant upon this circumstance. Mr. Allison, though much respected by the multitude, was too meek and temperate in his doctrines and demeanour to be held in any vehement esteem: while Dr. Glossar, a stern, uncompromising, and ambitious zealot, was regarded with awe and veneration. Few of the reformed clergy were, indeed, in the enjoyment of greater reverence; and none exacted a more implicit compliance with his opinions. The effect, therefore, of the marked distinction between the Queen's reception of him and his more amiable though less venerated colleague, was noticed by all present, and audible murmurs of dissatisfaction circled around the apartments. It was thus by yielding to the momentary impulses of her feelings, and forgetting the severe impartiality which royalty prescribes,

that the ill-fated Mary disappointed the hopes and loosened the attachment of her subjects, even while design and dissimulation were far from her thoughts.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ But not a courtier  
(Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the King’s look), but hath a heart that is  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.”

CYMBELINE.

SOME time elapsed before the two orders of the clergy had passed the presence, and a short pause ensued before the magistrates of Edinburgh reached the Queen. They partook of the disappointment which her cool reception of Dr. Glossar had occasioned: but as they were men of good sense in the main, though marked by their citizenship with some peculiarities, they approached her in a calm and respectful manner, and she made one step forward to receive them. It happened, however, that in this motion her hand carelessly threw forward the

train of her robe, in such a manner that it entangled the Provost's feet, and nearly threw him down. The accident was trivial in itself, but it bred some ludicrous confusion, and the gay and youthful Mary could not stifle her risibility.

Although every one near her saw that it was purely an accident, yet those who were at a distance attributed the mirth of the Queen to some feeling of ridicule for the magistrates, and, in consequence, such want of decorum was loudly condemned: she was not, however, even then without partizans, inspired by her rank and her beauty. These instantly stood for her defence, and aggravated the resentment that was felt for the supposed disrespect practised towards the Provost. Saving this little mischance, nothing of any particular moment afterwards interrupted the course of the reception, till the well-garnished Laird of Cornylees came forward.

During his passage through the crowd, he had been particularly careful of his velvet clothes; but just as he was advancing to the

Queen, the slashes in his doublet caught hold of the hilt of a bystander's sword, and when he bent forward, which he did, not being much accustomed to such ceremony, somewhat rashly, the hilt tore the doublet, and precipitated him on the floor: this was beyond the power of court etiquette or formality to control. A general laugh ensued: and the Queen herself made no effort to restrain her amusement. The Laird scrambled up in a fury, and hastily, as he rushed out of the room, shook the gentleman by the collar, who had been the innocent cause of his disaster. It happened to be the Count Dufroy, whose equanimity was not disturbed by the assault. On the contrary, the Count was as much diverted as the rest. It however had the effect of causing the Queen to break off the Reception while there were still a few gentlemen to come forward—among others Southennan; but Mary, with her characteristic quick-sightedness saw, among those who had lingered, several whom she would have been pleased to have received; and, in consequence, in retiring from the presence-chamber, she or-



dered Dufroy to bring in such of them to supper as he thought deserving, by their quality or breeding, of the distinction. It thus happened that Southennan was invited, and placed in a position to observe the conduct of Chate-lard, of whom rivalry had made him suspicious. But he valued the honour, chiefly on account of the opportunity it afforded him of addressing himself to Adelaide.

Between the Reception and the supper, some time of necessity elapsed, during which, the Count Dufroy having special duties to perform, Southennan was left among the other invited guests, to pass the interval in the gallery, where many of the crowd still remained. As he was lounging carelessly among them, he happened to pass near the door, when he felt himself suddenly jerked by his cloak, and on turning round discovered his boy among a crowd of other servants, who were waiting on the landing-place and stairs for their masters.

Southennan was displeased with the familiarity of Hughoc, and roughly inquired what he wanted.

“ I hae,” said the boy, rising on his tip-toes, and whispering, “ a dreadfu’ something to tell, and ye maun come down the stair and out to the court, for its a thing o’ awfu’ instancy.”

All the tidings which Hughoc had brought to him, from the time of their arrival the preceding evening were of an extraordinary kind, although not, perhaps, of that importance which the boy attached to them. This had the effect of inducing him to yield more complacently to the request than he would, probably, otherwise have done.

“ What is it,” said he, “ that you have heard?” when they were come down into the court.

“ Just a dreadfu’ misdoubt that I hae taen o’ our Baldy. Odd, Sir, I’m thinking he’s growing a traitor-man; for when him and me were standing amang the ither flunkies, waiting till it would be needfu’ to light our links, bye cam a big dark carle, in a friar’s gown, through amang us, and he gied Baldy a friendly slap on the shouther. ‘Eh!’ cried Baldy, ‘is this you.’ ‘Aye,’ said the man, ‘It’s just me,’ and wi’ a glint o’ a

flambeau that was gaun past at the time, I lookit in the stranger's face, and wha do ye think it was, laird?—just Friar Michael, that I saw this very morn'ing in a randy's gown and garb, crossing the water o' Leith. Odd, Sir, a' this masquing and guising disna' came o' honesty!"

"And where," cried Southennan, "is Baldy now?"

"Ye may well speer that, Laird! but its mair than I can tell. Awa' they ga'ed, colleagu'ing thegither, and they hadna' gaen far, for I ga'ed a bit cooke behint them, when they met auld Father Jerome, and ye would hae been confounded if ye had seen what a hearty gude will was amang them at this meeting."

"And is this," said Southennan, "all that you have got to tell me?"

"I'm sure, Laird," replied the boy, "it couldna' be mair awfu', unless there had been blood and murder in't!"

Southennan did not see the mystery in colours quite so grim, but still it seemed to him singular that there should be so much secret work between Baldy, Friar Michael, or Auch-

enbrae, as we should rather call him, and Father Jerome. Of the fidelity and worth of Baldy, as a servant, he had no doubt; but this unaccountable plotting and seeming machination discomposed him exceedingly. He, however, affected to make light of the intelligence, and bade Hughoc return home, and come back with Baldy after the Queen's supper. He then returned up stairs into the gallery, where he presently saw the Count Dufroy anxiously looking about. The moment he threw his eyes on Southennan, it was evident that he was the object of his solicitude, for he immediately came eagerly towards him, and taking him by the arm drew him aside.

“Could you imagine,” said he, when they were apart from the rest of the company, “that in the midst of so much splendour and joy there should have been malice, I might almost say treason. The ancient clergy are dissatisfied with their reception, and the Bishop of Glasgow and the Abbot of Kilwinning are closetted with the Queen, complaining of the coldness with which she received them. The magistrates of

Edinburgh are still more discontented, and the new clergy, with the gaunt dark Dr. Glossar, have declared that atonement is due to them. Heavens ! can they think a poor young creature, in the playfulness of her teens, can be such a Machiavelli as to please them all. In a word, Southennan, I see nothing but trouble and distress, unless the young gentry of the kingdom make a party for the Queen, without reference to either clergy."

Southennan was profoundly impressed with the earnestness of the Count's speech, and expressed himself sensible of the necessity of some third party interposing, to protect her Majesty from the importunity of the contending clergy and their partizans. Little more was said at that time, for the sounds of the musicians, preparing for the supper, echoed through the rooms, and prevented farther conversation; soon after the Count was summoned to attend her Majesty, and the guests proceeded to the banquetting-room to receive her.

## CHAPTER XL.

“ If he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm and carters.”

HAMLET.

THE personal graces of the Queen of Scots, and the brilliancy of her mind, shone brightest in the midst of the splendour of her Court. Though she affected the privacy of domestic life more than properly belonged to her regal condition, it was not in that sphere that she was most distinguished; for she was herself fond of admiration, and conscious of deserving it; and the whole object of her education had been directed to prepare her for distinction in public. Perhaps on no occasion—at least on none within her ancient kingdom—did she appear to more

advantage than on the evening we have to commemorate. Sensible that she was then the observed of all observers, every accomplishment she possessed, that could be exhibited to the admiration of her guests and subjects, was ostentatiously displayed, even to the practice of a familiarity that put her dignity more than once to hazard.

Towards the great officers of the realm—ancient men, and celebrated for their energy and wisdom—she practised the most fascinating deference; acknowledging with smiles the suggestions which momentary circumstances sometimes induced them to make, and delighting them with the acuteness of her remarks, and her intelligence on all topics, especially on matters of state, to which, from her youth and previous life, it was not supposed she had much attended. Her deportment to the different noble ladies invited to the banquet, was still more the theme of approbation. Endowed by nature with the power of discerning the springs and foibles of character, she discovered with intuitive penetration the weaknesses of her own sex; and by her conde-

scension, ever varying according to the peculiarities of the personages she addressed, she won from them easy victories to the superiority of her own manners and accomplishments. The influence of her address, elegance, and condescension, diffused a degree of gaiety and delight, which the oldest present had no remembrance of having ever witnessed in the Scottish Court: but it was not in her power to repress the impulses of personal feeling. It was evident, that towards some of the old and stern nobles, who accounted themselves not less than the masters and main-springs of the government, her affability was in some degree constrained; nor, indeed, did it require much of a discerning spirit, to perceive, that her gaiety was in some degree rebuked by their austerity. She plainly endeavoured to win their good opinion upon some other principle than that of esteem; and, in consequence, with them she was less at ease and less delightful, than with those to whom she more freely unbended. But the remark which was most emphatically made to her disadvantage, was invidious and uncharitable.



It was said that she placed herself more with the foreigners than with her own nobility, and that she showed towards them a freedom of manner inconsistent with the reserve and majesty which the Queen of Scotland ought to have maintained. In this, men more experienced in the world would have discovered only the habitude and effect of elder intimacy. But it was construed into an unpatriotic partiality: and thus it happened, while every one acknowledged her endeavours to please, the effect was frustrated by the jealousy with which her little apart attention to her private friends was observed and envied.

But gracious and splendid as the Queen appeared to all the assembly, the attention of Southennan was more attracted towards the milder beauty of Adelaide; not only on account of the spell in her loveliness, but by a cast of anxiety and restlessness in her countenance, of which he was not the only observer. Chatelard was present; and it was towards him that the soft eyes of Adelaide were continually wandering; and our hero perceived, that notwithstanding

ing the intensity of the solicitude with which she followed all his movements, he rarely returned a glance towards her; and that even when he did so, it was expressive of apprehension, as if he feared she was too vigilant. His whole mind seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the Queen; and there was, at times, an impassioned ardour in his manner; that appeared bold and dangerous, considering their relative condition.

On one occasion, when this was particularly remarkable, Southennan noticed, with something like the embarrassment of detection, that he was himself keenly watched by the shrewd and dark sharp eye of Rizzio. The incident, though it surprised him, was unaccountable; but he soon discovered that he formed only one of a group which the subtle Italian was suspiciously studying. Indeed, he was not left long to ruminate on the subject, for Rizzio had perceived that he was watchful of the passionate animation with which Chatelard doated on the Queen, and coming to him said, with affected jocularitv—

“Your French friend seems to have more loyalty than he dare shew.”

“It surprises me,” replied Southennan unguardedly, for it was admitting the fact: “for I have heard him speak in such terms of the young lady on whose arm the Queen is now leaning, that I believed he was enchanted by her alone.”

“I thought so too,” replied Rizzio; “but he wears a better mask than I gave him credit for. However, let us observe, and say nothing.”

At this juncture the Queen, who had some time before left the apartment in which the banquet had been served, and had passed into the other chamber into which the company had withdrawn, seated herself, and directed the musicians to be assembled. From some accidental cause, not perhaps susceptible of any satisfactory explanation, the selection of the music was not much to the taste of her Majesty, and in consequence, during a pause in the performance, she, without reflecting on the observation it attracted, beckoned on Chatelard, and directed him to play and sing one of his romances. This

he was but too happy to execute, and taking a lute from one of the musicians, he began with more than even his own exquisite taste and delicacy.

## SONG.

Lie still, lie still, fond fluttering heart !  
Thy trembling pulses throb in vain ;  
For she that bars the mystic dart  
Shall never know thy secret pain.

Mine eyes, with rude unconscious gaze,  
Pursue her form through all the dance,  
And her's as oft in strange amaze,  
Rebuke my wild unwary glance.

Whene'er the changeful measure brings  
Her gentle hand to meet with mine,  
From the soft touch ecstatic springs  
The sparkling sense of love divine.

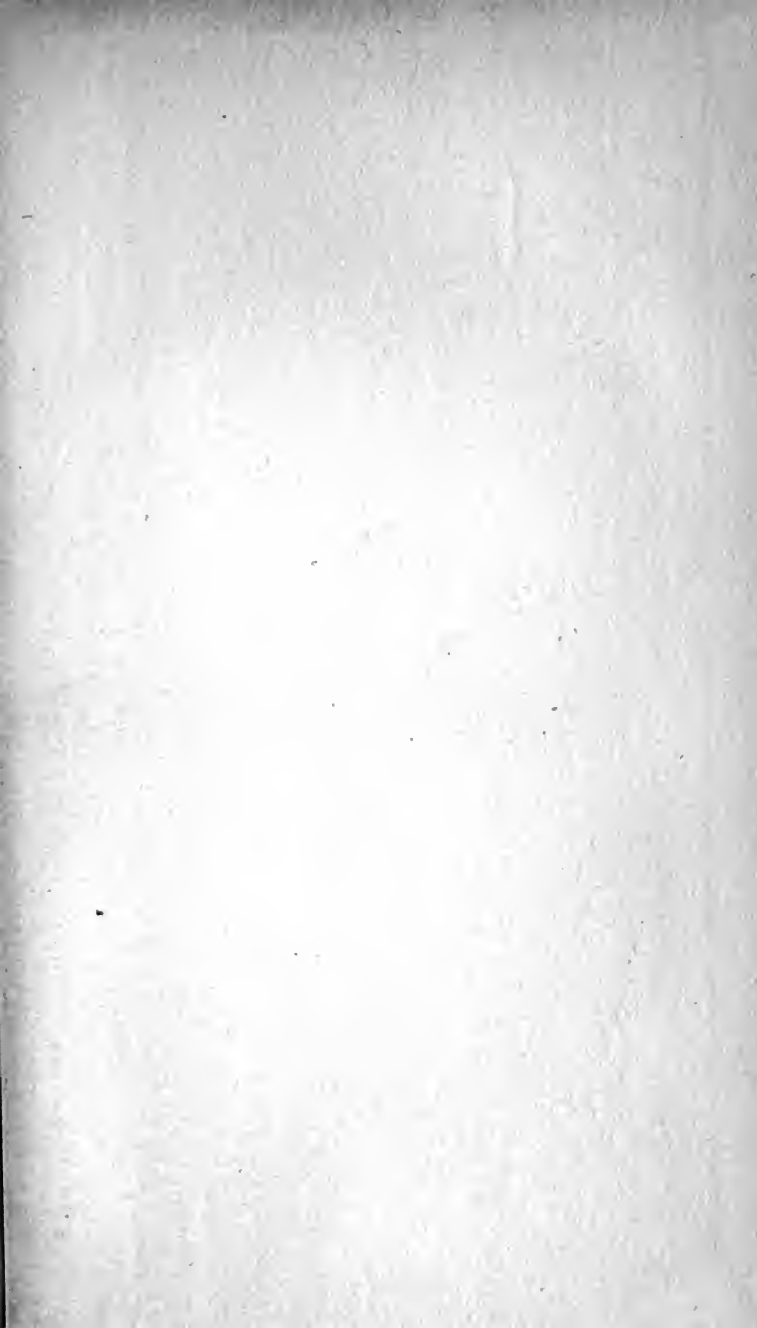
Lie still, lie still, fond fluttering heart !  
Thy trembling pulses throb in vain ;  
For she that bars the mystic dart  
Shall never know thy secret pain.

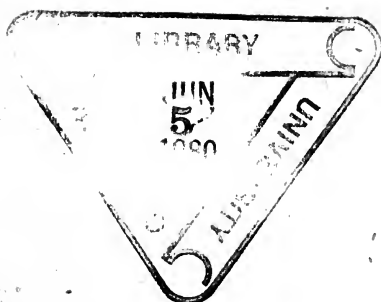
During this performance the profoundest silence prevailed. Adelaide listened to him with a rapt and entranced delight; and Rizzio watched alternately, his imploring look and the countenance with which the Queen listened to

him. It was plain, that with whatever enthusiasm he worshipped in his song, the Queen was only interested in the melody. At the conclusion she took off her glove, and presented him her hand in acknowledgment of the pleasure his performance had given. But both Rizzio and Southennan, as well as Adelaide, observed that he bent over it with such impetuosity that Mary suddenly drew it back, and with a look of surprise awed him to retire. There were, however, cooler heads, and eyes as eager, with whom the incident passed not unnoticed; and the conclusion among some of the elder courtiers and their scrutinizing dames, was not to the Queen's advantage.

END OF VOL. I.









**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY**

---

PS  
8413  
A57S6  
v.1

Galt, John  
Southennan

